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CAVALCADE

FEBRUARY, 1955 1/6



Let's have a
WORLD TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

— page 3

THE ISLE OF CASTAWAYS

— page 43

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**THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF
ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY**

THE LEADING INSTITUTE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD



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Author's address:
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Duisburg-Essen, Germany

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The third line features a 1970s
protesters' chant: "FUCK
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James Hollingsworth. Last
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PETER HARGRAVES

MARION MILEY was a tall, tanned, healthy looking girl of 21. She was happy and contented because she was doing the only thing she wanted to do in life and it was making her famous.

In 1941 the name of Marion Milley was known by sports fans all over the United States as that of a girl with two feet firmly planted on the road to golfing stardom. Even the renowned Babe Didrikson, the experts said, would soon be hard put to hold off the challenge of the up-and-coming Milley girl from Kentucky.

Holder of her State women's golfing crown, winner of the Western Open and a score of other tournaments, she had her dark smiling eyes and her determined will-to-win set on the U.S. Open—and there were few to deny

Marion Milley was a genius of championship class. She also had courage enough to defy gunmen, to die violently.

SHE DEFIED GUNMEN



that she would soon make it. But a woman dubbed the "back-slash" of Marion Milley. She was not to achieve her ambition.

Killers came in the night to rob and stage to murder. The girl athlete, courageously trying to defend her mother, was shot to death.

At three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, September 22, 1941, Mrs. Elsie Milley walked around the deserted ballroom of the Lex-

ington County Club, Kentucky—of which she was the matroness—for the final check-up before the worst upstairs in her apartment.

Then Mrs. Milley wearily climbed the stairs to her room. She had hardly closed her eyes when a crash from the living room of the apartment sent her peering to the door.

She saw two masked men. Each had revolvers pointed at her. The noise came from a knocked-over vase.

A passing shriek bobbed from Mrs. Milley's throat. The killer of the two intruders cursed and leveled his gun and shot her twice. Mrs. Milley, slipped to the floor. At the same instant, the door of Marion's room flew open. Marion eased her feet and rushed at the two robbers.

The shorter man stepped out in front of her headlong advance.

Marion Milley got to her feet and went in pursuit of the two fleeing bandits. In the hallway a diving tackle brought the smaller man crashing to the ground.

"Okey, baby," he said "You've asked for it." He raised the pistol and squeezed the trigger twice.

Some time later Mrs. Milley stirred. She staggered to her feet and stumbled out into the hall to be confronted with the body of her daughter. Kneeling beside her, Mrs. Milley felt her pulse and thought she detected a slight beat. Presently she dropped her way downstairs and telephoned the police.

It was just after 5:30 a.m. when a police patrol car skidded up to the club entrance. Two officers dashed inside and found Mrs. Milley kneeling against the stairs. One policeman ran up to Marion Milley. The other got the mother

seated in a chair. In a few moments the first officer returned with the news that the girl was dead.

While Mrs. Milley was rushed to hospital, Patrol Chief Will McCord and Sheriff Ernest Thompson of Lexington took charge of the investigation.

From inspectors in a flower bed, they found the open window through which the murderers had entered. Blood on a near cornice they showed their path of exit.

Officials of the Country Club were summoned early in the morning to give information about servants and employees of the club. The police thought it was an inside job from the way the gunman knew their way about the premises and where to look for what they wanted.

Meanwhile, detectives and fingerprint experts had examined the Milley apartment meticulously. Every piece of furniture, every door and window frame was dusted for prints, and numbers of fresh impressions not belonging to either of the Milleys were found.

Doctors reported that Mrs. Milley had been shot with bullets from a .12 calibre revolver. The girl had been killed with two bullets from a .38.

The police began the tremendous task of checking everyone who had been at the country club on the Saturday night—both visitors and employees. All day the task continued on, one by one, they were eliminated. Soon had fingerprints matching any of those found in the apartment. All had alibi for the approximate time of the crime.

One of the employees, a green-hopper named Raymond ("Shooter") Baxter, should have been

shopped on the premises on the Saturday night as a guard and watchman for the Milley woman. To the police, however, he confessed that he had left the club to spend the night in town.

Late on the Sunday afternoon the police received their first tangible lead. A boy arrived at Headquarters and stated he did an early morning paper run in the semi-rural districts out of town. He explained that he had cycled up the driveway of the country club before dawn that morning and noticed three cars parked on a rear driveway. Two, he knew, belonged to Mrs. Milley and her daughter. The other—a new 1942 Buick Sedan in two-tone, blue-grey colour, with one of the doors wide open—he had never seen before.

Unfortunately, the boy had not noted the number of the car. Police, nevertheless, issued an alarm for it, by description on the teletype to all adjacent cities.

The next day, Monday, the investigation continued with all sports stores, and pawn shops checked for sales of revolvers and ammunition. Nothing was found, and nothing further was heard of the mysterious Buick.

Tuesday brought a new development. An unemployed tradesman reported that about a month before, an acquaintance named Tom Penney had tried to hypnotize him in a plot to hold up the country club.

The police investigated and found that Penney was an ex-convict with a record of armed robbery and car stealing. Although his fingerprints did not match any found at the scene of the crime, an order was issued for his arrest. He had not been seen in Lexing-

ton during the last fortnight.

On Wednesday, October 1, Marion Milley was buried. At the same time, officials of the country club offered \$2000 dollars reward for her killer. Then her mother took a turn for the worse and also died.

Meanwhile from Louisville came a report on the supposed killer's car. A night club proprietor had reported the theft of a car of identical description on September 22.

Detectives rushed there and questioned the owner at the car, 26-year-old drifter and friendly Bobby Anderson. He stated that he left his car outside his club on the Saturday night, and it was not there on the Sunday morning.

Patient enquiries began in Louisville and surrounding district. At last, at a small country eatery, detectives found a barman who remembered seeing two men—one short and one tall—arrive in a two-tone blue-grey Buick on September 22. They stayed for a couple of hours, drinking. Shown a picture of the suspected Tom Penney, the waitress said he was one of the men—the shorter one.

The newspapers published the new developments and another person arrived with more information about the suspected car. He stated that on the Saturday night he had gone with a couple of friends to a road-house. While there, at about 11:30, a two-tone blue-grey Buick drove up. A friend of his went out and spoke to the occupants. The friend's name was Shooter Baxter.

The police recalled Baxter as the gunrunner who should have been on guard at the country club but had gone. Apparently he had

done some Saturday night palld-nerking before he got home. There was nothing suspicious in that—but his rendezvous with the two mystery men in the stolen car was a different matter. A police "chick" was put on to Baxter in the hope he would lead them to the culprits.

However, the case finally "broke" from a different direction. On October 3, a patrol car in Fort Worth, Texas, spotted the missing Buick. Under protest, the men in it was taken to police headquarters. There he finally admitted he was the elusive Tom Penney.

Taken back to Lexington he vehemently denied he knew anything of the murders of the Milley woman. He was confronted with the sub-or-work tradesman to whom he suggested the hold-up at the country club. Down the back seat of the car he was driving was found a .38 bullet of the same type as those that killed Marion Milley.

Tom Penney agreed to make a statement. In it he revealed that his accomplices were Robert Anderson—the night club owner who had reported his car stolen—and the gunrunner, Shooter Baxter. Anderson had been an active partner and the real "brains" of the crime. He had shot Mrs. Milley. Penney had fought with and killed the daughter. Baxter had been the inside man, sometimes called the "finger-man". He had driven plans of the interior of the club and the Milley apartment, told them the best time for a robbery and revealed the location of Mrs. Milley's cashbox.

He did not know that actually she concealed the night's take-up downstairs and the haul was to be a mere 180 dollars.

Robert Anderson was arrested but denied Penney's charges. Apparently he had sought to divert suspicion from himself by reporting his own car stolen. Actually, as Penney bitterly complained, he had "finched it" for the police to capture both of them.

Despite Anderson's denial, he was charged with murder—along with both Penney and Shooter Baxter. Police checked claims by Penney that Anderson had sent him money while he was "on the lam", and proved it was so by Western Union records. They also traced the .38 gun used in the killing of Mrs. Milley and proved it had been purchased by Anderson.

On December 12, 1942, the three conspirators were all found guilty of murder. A few weeks later they paid the penalty in the electric chair.



She and her daughter were murdered for 140 dollars.

Let's have a WORLD CHAMPION

Why doesn't the International Lawn Tennis Association find an official world champion? Here is how it can be done!

PAUL STLAS

THE TIME has come for the International Lawn Tennis Association to conduct a tournament to find an official world tennis singles champion. By their lack of foresight the present situation regarding the best tennis players is ludicrous; they are also losing a golden opportunity to earn big money for the Association. Let's have an official world tennis champion NOW!

It always has been the thing to accept the winner of Wimbledon as world champion. Always Wimbledon has been regarded as the official world tennis championship. But last year's winner was Justine Hengstler, self-styled Czech, now playing for Egypt. Few outside Egypt himself—and maybe even he has doubts—regard the popular odds as the world's best. Indeed, ask an American who is the best singles player in the amateur ranks and he will tell you Tony Trabert—and he will have the backing of American ten-



STLAS

nis magazines. Ask an Australian the same question and he will say Lewis Hoad—or maybe he will stake for Ken Rosewall. He, also, will have backing from sports magazines—Australian, this time.

The solution is an official world tennis tournament. Maybe that was

not necessary in the respective days of Bill Tilden, Henry Coadet, Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry, Donald Budge and Jack Kramer, because each was the outstanding player of his day and each proved it conclusively, not only at Wimbledon, but in every major tournament. But to-day, when the power game is the accepted method of playing, when the service is all-important, there are many players of equal ability.

We see Hoad winning over Trabert; we see Trabert winning over Hoad; we see Vic Seixas beating each or both, sometimes, and we see Seixas going down to Hoad, Trabert, Rosewall and others. Recently, in the American championships, we saw Ken Richardson and Nick Pietrangeli cruise upwards by beating the champions. And we saw Seixas make a clean sweep of the titles.

The method of play is also reason such things are happening. No longer do we see long rallies, where brain beats brawn. But another reason is that players sometimes lose tournaments in order to save themselves for other, and more important, tournaments. Perhaps they are saving themselves for the Davis Cup. Seixas sometimes these days plays for eleven months of the year. It is not just a game any more—it is big business—and players cannot be at their top all the year. So they don't care about many of the tournaments for which they are entered.

Wimbledon does not decide the best player. Last year's result proved that. The Australian, the French and the American titles, which make up the four major tournaments of the world, do not decide the outstanding player, either. Dostoy won the 1934

Wimbledon singles when he beat Ken Rosewall in the final. Hengstler won the Australian singles when he beat Ken Hengstler. Vic Seixas won the American title by beating Trabert in the final. Yet all the champions were in each tournament. How could these results give us a world champion?

The answer is in a tournament, to be held each year between the twelve outstanding players. These players would not be seeded as at present, but would be selected by their performances throughout the previous twelve months. And that selection would not be made on opinion, as are the seedings at the moment, but on a point score basis.

The method would be to allot points for performance in all international tennis tournaments. The four major tournaments, Wimbledon, the Australian, the American and the French, would not score points than the other international tournaments. The Davis Cup would not be included, as the players are playing for their respective countries, and not as individuals.

A suggested points score would be ten points to be allotted to each player who enters the final of the major tourneys, with an added bonus score of five points for the winner of each. For entering the semi-finals, each player to earn five points, with three points for entering a quarter final.

In the minor tournaments, providing international compete, five points to be allotted to each player entering a final, plus a bonus for the winner, of three points. Semifinalists to score three points and quarter-finalists to get two points. In the event of a seeded player being defeated by an unseeded player, he be deducted ten points.

That would ensure every player does his best at all times.

At the end of the year, the points would be tallied and the first twelve players would be notified by the International Lawn Tennis Association. Should any player decline to take part in the tournament, then the next in line would take his place.

Now for the official tournament for the world title. Each of the twelve players would be required to play each of the others, so that, in the space of a fortnight, each player would play eleven matches. A start would be drawn up and a world champion would be appointed. He would naturally be the man who scores the most points. In the event of a tie, then the player who loses the least amount of games in the whole tournament is the winner.

That final point is important. Perhaps it could be made more so by offering a bonus of one point in each winner in straight sets. That would be an added incentive. It means that each player would be at his best in every game. At present tennis is the only sport where a player can correct a mistake during a game by losing. If a man makes a mistake, he could lose by knocking in next, one player could cost the player the game. But in tennis it is different. He can pick up his lapels during the game, or the next game in the set—or in the next set in the match.

A bonus for three straight-set wins, would eliminate careless mistakes; it would also eliminate what we often see—a player intentionally losing a set in order to preserve himself for the final set. Every player would strive to win each point.

Various questions arise at this

point. When would the world championship be held? Where would it be held? How long would the champion be recognized as such? How often would he defend his title?

Taking these questions in order, the best time would be at once after the end of the year at possible. The Davis Cup is held late in December, the Australian championships are held in January. Therefore, February would be the ideal month—in the summer countries. They should be held each year, once, alternating countries at each tournament. Australia one year, England the next, U.S.A. the next, and so on.

The champion would be regarded as champion for twelve months, when the next tournament would be held. It is up to him, during the twelve months he is champion, to do his best at every tournament. If he does not do his best, then he will lose points and he could find himself a spectator the next year, when the world title came around.

One of the great advantages of holding a world tennis tournament is that young players would be given more encouragement. At present, the method of meeting means that the better players reach the quarters, semi and finals, thus ensuring bigger attendance with their resultant larger prize. The system is unfair to the unseeded players. These meetings are drawn up by the local body conducting the tournament in hand and they base their meetings on what they consider the outstanding performances of the year. Failing a points score for the winning of tournaments, such as is suggested in this article, the officials have no definite guide.

For example, in last year's

Wimbledon, the meetings were 1, Tony Trabert, 2, Lewis Hoad, 3, Ken Rosewall, 4, Vic Seixas, 5, Moray Ross, 6, Art Larsen, 7, Rodger Perry, 8, Rex Hartwig, 9, Sven Davidson, 10, Kurt Nielsen, 11, Jarmley Dooley, 12, Gardner Mulloy. How far out the meeting were was borne out in the result. Dooley won, Rosewall was in the final. Nielsen was number ten seeded because of one performance—he was in the 1953 final. The reason for him being in that final was not considered; he got there because of the draw and because of upsets to various players. By being seeded last year, it meant that he was not forced to play against the other seeded players early in the tournament, as were unseeded players.

If a points score were allotted for winners, finalists, semi-finalists and quarter-finalists in each tournament, then the officials at Wimbledon and other countries would then have a definite guide for their seedings. At present, not only is there no guide, but there is no set rule governing seedings. For example, America seeds players in two groups—American and foreign. Australia does the same. Why the distinction? After all, the championships are not decided in two groups; the players are all in the one group on the courts.

There is another big aspect in favour of a world championship tournament, and this should interest the Lawn Tennis Association; that is the money that could be made. Take a tournament under present conditions; it is the centre court stand which has the most spectators; it is the better players who command the crowd. But, in a championship tournament, held under the conditions I suggest, each court would be used by a

SECOND NIGHT

After a few years of married life
A man need not sit
In order to look right
Through his wife
Without seeing her.
A woman is different—the
con
(Though her eyes be
dim)
See right through her own
Without looking at him.

—RAY-ME—

champion or near champion. Therefore each court stand would be packed.

The points system would create added interest in this respect. Say the last day of the tournament is at hand and there are three or four players who could win the tournament at that late stage. Maybe one player would have to win his match in straight sets in order to be champion. If he fails to do so, another player will pay him on the post. Think of the income interest in that situation.

Of course, such a tournament would be a strenuous one for the players, but the ultimate winner would be world champion and that would be good for tennis as well as giving the player a proud moment—prouder even than any moment he now can feel. After all, we have world champions in boxing, why can't we have world champions in tennis? What about it, International Lawn Tennis Association?

Creaked and grumpy, Detective Herb Sloan had carefully freed his pockets with bribe, in the desperate hope of obtaining his —



BADGE of HONOUR

HARRY WHITTINGTON

DETECTIVE Sergeant Herb Sloan tapped on the manager's door in the rear of the Ace Jack Club. Al Castella said, "Come in, Herb."

Al was a swarthy man in his middle forties. He looked very successful. He also looked and Herb said, "You wanted to see me, Al?"

Al nodded. "Yeah. Sure, kid." "What did you want to see me about, Al?"

"I hear you've been smuggling into the docks of my wife Sally."

"That's right."

"Got much to go on?"

"Got much. A button. That's all."

Herb pulled his right hand from his coat pocket. He extended it flat, turned upward. His fingers had been clamped around a large button.

"Herb Sloan, Small town boy makes good in cop. Plain clothes and a plain necktie. You been putting a lot of money in your pocket since you got out of a uniform. How much, Herb?"

Herb's mouth twisted. "Not enough," he said.

"When you come here from Circleville, you were a raw kick and broke. You've been a smart boy, Herb. I hope you're keep-

ing right on being smart Herb."

"What does that mean?"

"The department says my wife committed suicide. The coroner says that. Yet you won't let up. Maybe she didn't commit suicide. I had the honor of being Sally's Smith and last husband and right at the end she ran through a lot of men, Herb. You know that?"

Herb nodded. "She shed nice things, all right. Clothes. Diamonds. Perfumes."

"No chandler in this town had a harder heart or a sweeter face than my wife Sally. Herb, it broke my heart when her maid found her dead in our apartment. But she is dead, Herb. Why don't you drop the case?"

"They told me to stay on the case."

Al shook his head. "That's not the way I hear it. I hear you asked to stay on the case. Working on it after hours. What's in it for you, Herb? Another shake-down? Is that it? You think maybe a guy with plenty of money terrified Sally? You're going to blackmail him, set yourself up as the big leaguer on blackmail money?"

Herb smiled and shrugged. He got up and walked across the room, pulled open a closet door.

"They there?" Al snapped. "What do you want?"

There were four suits on hangers in the closet. Herb took the button out of his pocket. He touched it to the front of each suit. He was sweating. By the time he'd reached the fourth suit, Al was standing behind him. There was a black, .32 automatic in Al's hand.

"A button's missing, Al," Herb said.

"That's the way it is, Herb."

"Your own wife."

Al backed away.

"You know why. She had her faults but she told me she loved me and never did I could have stood all this rant. But it was that he that drove me insane."

Herb nodded. He was silent.

"I'm a big name in this town, Herb. I got a reputation as a smart character. So now a country girl makes a sucker out of me, like I was a boob seeing the show for the first time. Everything she said to me was a lie. She makes me believe she loves me. Ma. My Al Castella."

Herb reached into his pocket.

"And then she's been laughing at me. All the time spending my money. Running around. Well, she started drinking too much. Talking too much. I know what was going to happen. She'd laugh and tell everybody the big joke. She'd tell them how she'd suckered Al Castella."

For a while, Castella said nothing, but then started:

"I made up my mind. She'd taken her last poor sucker. Derives guys to smoke, drink and dope. She had laughed at me for the last time. I killed her. With her own pillow as the shot. The poison was just window dressing — to make it look like suicide. She must have pulled the button off my coat. I didn't notice."

Herb shrugged. "Looks like that button is going to try you, Al," he said.

Al's face was white. "No, I asked you here for a reason — for two reasons. I didn't know you had the button when I asked you here. That was the odds on your side. But only slightly. That button can make you a lot of money."

"Yeah?"

"Sell it back to me. What's the price, Herb?"

"You couldn't pay it."

"Maybe I could. Maybe I could even discuss with you on it. You see, Herb, you're in a kind of apol, too. You're an ambitious guy. Come from the sticks to make his fortune. A crooked cop. A bribe taker. A shakedown artist. What if the department found out all about you, Herb?"

"I'd be finished, all right."

"Sure you would. But I got proof you been taking bribes, Herb. Sorry, I had to get it. Self-protection. Now I'm thankful I got

it. Because part of the price I pay for that button in your hand is going to be almost about your shakedown racket. If you'd been an honest cop, you could have taken me for anything in the world. But as it is, you're going to have to make a reasonable figure. But don't, there's the other reason I asked you here.

"We're going to pay a little visit, Herb. My wife's maid was in the apartment. She saw me kill Sally. She wants a hundred grand for her silence."

Herb's smile was cold. "Looks like you're in a bad spot."



"Sorry to see you go, Cagill. You may not be the best sales manager I ever had—but you're certainly the worst!"

"Oh, no. Because you're going to help me," Al said.

"Why?"

"Because I'm only going to pay one of you. You're crooked, but you're smart. You're my choice. But just so you don't get any ideas, hand me the gun out of your shoulder holster. Carefully."

Herb handed over the gun. Al took it.

Al's apartment was in the new north side. Alice Gray had them in. They stepped inside. Al closed the door. His smile was cold. "I'm not going to pay you Alice," he said. "You see, I found you'd been robbing my wife—"

"That's a lie."

Al shrugged.

"What's going to say so? Not you. I'll have to tell the police that I brought this police officer along to arrest you. But you resisted, and in the struggle, I had to shoot you."

Alice's leather face contorted. "That's what you think. I was ready for some kind of trick like that."

From inside her lounging robe, she pulled a small, black automatic. Without speaking again, she fired.

She was wild. The gun popped in the room and missed Al's leg body. Reluctantly, he drew out his gun and fired. She toppled to the rug dead.

He smiled. The whole thing was a success now. "It worked perfect! She even pulled a gun on me. Self-defense. It was self-defense. You saw it. Call the cops, Herb." Al laughed. "I mean the other cops."

Herb nodded. He went to the phone. He pressed quietly about the small apartment as the streets around clear outside. Then the

door opened and police began to spill into the room.

Inspector Mayberry said, "How did it happen, Herb?"

Herb knelt beside the dead maid. The gun was at her side. He picked it up, showed his coat back and pushed the gun into his empty shoulder holster.

He heard Al catch his breath.

"That man shot her," Herb said. "It was unexpected. I came here with him. That woman saw Costello murder his wife. He killed her to keep from paying her blackmail."

"Why were you here with him, Herbert?"

"Oh, I'm not innocent. He threatened to expose me to the department if I didn't help him. I've been taking bribes—"

"You?"

"Sure." Herb's mouth twisted. His voice broke. "I came here to get money. Ever since my baby died back in Cambridge, I've had only one hope to get my wife back."

"After our baby died, she went wild. She left me. We had no money, see, for doctors that could have saved our baby."

"She came here. I followed to try to get her back. Only way I knew was to get a lot of money—enough to buy her back. Maybe in time I could get her well, show her she was wrong. I took bribes, anything to get that money."

"Costello tried to bribe me today. He said I had to help him. But what he didn't know was that my reason for taking bribes was gone. He himself had killed it. I didn't need money any more. Not since Costello killed Sally. Sure, Costello had the honour of being Sally's fourth husband—but I was her first."

Crime Capsules

by

MIKADO

Gilbert and Sullivan would liked to have met Judge Karl Holmstedt, of Darmstadt, Germany. He makes the passport for the crime. Known as the Mikado of Darmstadt, the Judge likes to talk with defendants before entering court and usually finds that people charged with criminal offenses often are decent in themselves but have had little chance in life. Last year he heard a case of a youth who was convicted of stealing a motor bike and riding madly down the street as it. The Judge did not send him to prison instead, he told him, "You will never see the benefits of nature by driving through it like a madman." He sentenced the youth to 12 month membership in the local hiking club!

SAFE KEEPING

Wassim Awa, treasurer of the A. and University, Alexandria, Egypt, received two anonymous letters informing him that unless he kept his money in a safe it would be stolen. So he placed the money he had—some 2,700 pounds—in a safe. The next night the money, and the safe, disappeared.

COOL PURSUIT

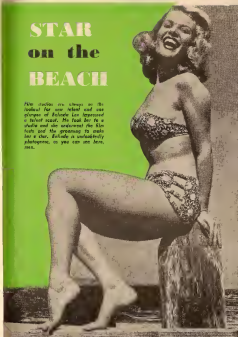
In New Orleans, U.S.A., Mr. and Mrs. Darwood Holm returned home one night and found a stranger inside. As soon as he saw them, he smiled and offered them a box of chocolate. "I was asked by friends to surprise you with this box of chocolate," he said, by way of explanation. The Holms assumed that he had made a mistake, so the stranger thumbed through the phone book in search of "Holm". He apologized for his "mistake" and left. Next morning Mrs. Holm discovered that her diamond bracelet was missing.

DEAD MONEY

In Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, a black hearse moved slowly down the main street and passers-by respectfully removed their hats and came to a standstill, while cars pulled into the side of the road to let the hearse pass. Inside the hearse, bandits were busily engaged in peering open a stolen safe containing 10,000 dollars in bonds. Police later found the broken, empty safe in the abandoned hearse.

STAR on the BEACH

Mike studies the script in the hotel but one island and one glimpse of Islandia has impressed a talent scout. He paid her to a studio and she returned the film back and the prospect to make her a star. Islandia is undoubtedly photograph, as you can see here, too.





Left: Ballada is a 12-year-old girl from Brown who came straight out of chemistry school to film, and she is now a little closer to her success. She posed in this outfit on the beach at Littlehampton, Sussex — or she is supposed.

Right: There are lots of uses for seaweed. It is a source of iodine; some people eat it and children play with it. But Ballada has made a little out of it. Ballada has recently completed her first starring role in the film, "Murder By Proxy."





Bring on the Dancing Girls

You need influence to get the glories, the dances, the artists, dance of the Middle East.

I WAS in Rabat, unofficial capital of the French zone of Morocco, when I heard about the glories. For nearly a month I had been investigating the involved and highly dubious monetary affairs of Morocco for an English newspaper and clearly I had another month's work ahead of me.

The thought was appalling because this land was plentiful. The demans of Morocco, skilled in deception, were willing to send me anywhere so long as I kept out of their way in Marrakech. I

was threatened with a particularly unpleasant fate if I persisted in my inquiries. But on the whole, the financiers of Morocco—most of whom live in the neutral zone of Tangier—couldn't care less about investigations.

With the local police bought off and squads of their own muscle boys they were as secure as the Bank of England, and with no board of directors to account to.

It was during a mood of frustration at this whole situation that I met a fellow journalist, who



"I know that fellow who's taking you out tonight. Think I'd better sharpen one on each hand!"

said he had an invitation to the ghedra and could take a friend.

"The ghedra?" I said. "What is it? A cake?"

"It's a dance," my friend said. "And I don't really want to take you at all, but the Sultan's palace will be full of Frenchmen and Spaniards and I want some social support."

So I said I'd go. Later that day I decided a weekend on the Moroccan coast, an invitation from an English businessman in Tangier. When I explained that I was to go the ghedra he looked stunned. "Boy!" he said. "You really know people! I've been in this dump ten years and haven't weighed in information yet!"

"What's so wonderful about it?" I said.

My friend put his hand patronizingly on my shoulder. "My boy," he said, "the ghedra is the most magnificent spectacle to be seen in the whole of the Middle East!"

What was saying something!

We presented ourselves at the Sultan of Morocco's 100-room harem-palace at 12.30 in the afternoon.

I had never been in a Sultan's palace before and the place left me breathless. It was a different mass of gold and silver and luxury. I thought I had lost my feet until I found them stable deep in carpet.

The sultan told us casually he had 1500 servants in the palace and that the whole place was worth about \$15,000,000 at current prices. I could believe it.

We were conducted to a garden covering more than three acres. Completely with fountains, palms, peels and shady where it was like something dreamed up by Cecil B. de Mille, only authentic. And all in glorious technicolor.

I expected a crowd of visitors, but besides my friend and me, there were only six other Europeans present, besides about a dozen Arabs and sub-saharans. Four of the Europeans had their wives with them.

Having been forewarned by my companion, I had not eaten lunch. It was just as well, as I could never have managed the 44 courses brought on by the Sultan's cooking squad. We sat around-legged on carpets and ate dishes I thought existed only in the dreams of gourmet society members.

There was much speculation among the Europeans about the ghedra; none had seen it before but one of the ladies said with a titter that she thought it was all rather shocking.

"Ah!" said the French colonial. "That magnifies!"

Dinner lasted four hours, after which the ghedra began. The dancers were all women—the most celebrated women in the world. Even as the hour, dark blue robes they wore one could not tell that they had perfect figures.

It was now approaching dusk and the dancing girls flattered us like so many batteries. I counted about 30 of them. They appeared to be in their early twenties.

"Well!" said my friend. "They're going to sit down!"

"The girls sit gracefully on enormous cushions while the Sultan's musicians tooped in. It was an all-male band. They were good men, anyway, and their music was delightful. Later, when they showed no emotion whatever during the dance I concluded that the Sultan had them well trained.

The music, haunting, half-and-half—gay—a most muddle of the

Middle East is—kept up for a long time while the dancers sat demurely on their cushions. My companion, on his cushion, kept idling restlessly, and I noticed the others were getting restless, too. I located, catching the Sultan's eye, that he intended it that way. He was whetting our appetite.

Then it began. At 11.45 a single dancing girl left her cushion and stopped to the centre of the palm-surrounded square. First she bowed low to the Sultan, then, kneeling on the ground, her whole body began to move—to work would be a better description—in time with the music. Her head, shoulders, arms, hands, fingers—her entire being became a rhythmic symphony of grace.

The astonishing thing was that the dance was done on the knees on the one spot; this alone makes it unique.

There was real artistry in it. A whole tribe of Berbers could have scaled the palace walls and be-headed us where we sat, we were so engrossed in the dance.

Even the Sultan, who must have seen the ghedra a thousand times, was leaning forward, lips slightly open, intently interested. It was a compliment to the ghedra dancers.

One by one, the girls took over the dance. At first each kept on the big clock, but after a few minutes she would throw this back and an older woman—apparently the dancing mistress—would take off the clock and put it down at the rear. The girls wore tiny, silver dresses, pure white against their olive skin.

By now they were dancing in groups of six and their movements were faster, almost wild and

THE COST OF LIVING HIGH

One thing which causes inflation—

In these days of rising prices—

Is the alteration of station
And the habit of cash em-
tion.

Some there are who make
a snap—

An exchange of pre-
ferred bonds—

And with their change help
keep a snap—

By going for preferred
bonded!

—AM-EM.

colistic at times. The music was faster, too, and though the evening was hot, no heat of perspiration showed on dancers or spectators.

The Sultan was a strategist. About 1.15 several ladies of his harem approached the white women and whispered in their ears. I don't know what was said, but it drew the women to their feet at once and they followed the harem women out of the garden. I doubt if their husbands saw them go.

Their departure was a signal. The dancing girls intensified their dances, among beams and torcs. Their bodies were sheer perfection and later I heard that the Sultan spent much time selecting the most beautiful girls for his ghedra troupe. They are granted many special privileges and many complete for the honour of being chosen.

The entire troupe was now dancing and although the movements

were extremely fast and complicated, not one of them was out of time.

At one time I spoke to my friend four times before he heard me and even then he told me absently to shut up. "As long as you live you'll never see anything like this," he said.

By three o'clock guests and dancers were intermingled and it was almost dawn before the dancing masters rounded up her troops and herded them out of the garden.

The French colonel was asking where he could come again and some Spanish official murmured something about it only his wife could learn the gauds. The Sultan was smiling as if well pleased and the sheiks and sub-sheiks

were trying to look as if they had not been started out of their seats.

A grand vizier offered to show us to our rooms, but we were reluctant to leave the fragrant gardens where the perfumes of the dancers still lingered. With the Sultan's explicit permission we went to sleep on a heap of cushions under a palm tree.

After all that, I never could get interested in my financial investigations again. I have a standing invitation to call at the palace any time I'm in Beirut, but since the Sultan has gone to exile I suspect I shall never have the pleasure again.

I only hope to meet, sometime, the fifth greatest dancer from the right.

PLAYBOY OF THE SKIES

JAMES HOLLIDGE



Flying and adventure were in James Hollidge's blood. He was one of the pioneers of long-distance flight.



"There's something strange about the way they're carrying that glass!"

JIMMY MOLLISON is one of the last of a now almost legendary band of heroes. In the 1920s and early 30s they risked life and limb to create records and pioneer in funny, doubtful places the routes over which passengers now shudder luxuriously in great air liners.

Scotland's James Mollison has earned his place of honour on a pedestal beside our own record-breakers. In a plane Mollison was so skilled, efficient, clear-headed

and perpetual as any pilot. As a fun-loving man about town, he had no peer.

"I am a night bird," he once said. "Life and enjoyment begin when daylight fades. Cocktail bars and clubs, music, beautiful women—that's living. Daylight comes to me as an interval for sleeping until an afternoon drink helps to bring on another evening."

Still under 40, Mollison has lived in virtual retirement since the war, in which he won an OBE

for his valuable work as a ferry pilot.

Born in 1905, Jimmy Mollison was a schoolboy when the world was electrified by the aviation feats of the pilots over the Western front in World War I. The German ace, Richthofen, became his hero.

At 16 he informed his parents he had his mind set on joining the R.A.F. Accordingly, on July 11, 1923, James Mollison arrived at the R.A.F. Flying Training School at Dunfermline near Cambridge.

Mollison was his wings. Then, desiring to be posted overseas, he chose bombers instead of fighters and was shortly off to India, failed to see active service in Westfront.

After posting to various squadrons, towards the end of 1925, Pilot Officer Mollison was sent off to join a punitive war against the Mohandas—a warlike hill tribe of Westfront—who had aroused British uneasiness by their persistent habit of kidnapping whites and holding them to ransom.

The campaign that followed constituted an historic page in the history of warfare. It was the first war that was won solely by the use of aircraft. Six bombers and two fighters were all it took to subjugate the Mohandas. For some time, however, it seemed that the wily tribesmen were going to beat their enemies from the skies.

They had spent period round the aerodrome from which the bombers operated. As soon as the planes set off on a mission, by means of signals and beacons on hills, warning was flashed to every Mohand village. The natives took refuge in impenetrable caves in the surrounding hills. As the bombers did was to destroy their mud huts in the villages, and they could be

rebuilt in a couple of hours.

One day some of them stepped out from cover and brought down a bomber with rifle fire. The two airmen were bailed out of the wreck and held for ransom.

The R.A.F. were forced to change their tactics. For the next few weeks the bombers ignored the villages, but methodically destroyed the crops around them with incendiaries, and consequently starved their cattle. The Mohandas faced starvation and surrender.

Jimmy Mollison went on to become, at 24, the youngest test pilot in the R.A.F. Then he returned to England for a period as a flying instructor. In 1933, after five years' service, he left the R.A.F. With his accumulated pay, Mollison went off on a European jaunt, topped a boat on the Mediterranean and ended up in Tokyo, where he languished for three months before he moved on and landed in Sydney, broken.

An instructor's job in Adelaide followed for the next year. Then Jimmy Mollison was off again to Queensland as pilot for a mail service.

Before long he left that to accept an offer by Charles Kingsford Smith to be Senior Pilot for the recently formed Australian National Airways.

But the record-breaking bug had not taken possession of Jimmy Mollison. He approached the Australian representatives of Lord Wakefield, the big oil magnate. They were finally persuaded to make available to him a plane for an attempt on the Australia-England air record. It was then built by C. W. A. Scott, with the turn of ten days, 22 hours.

Mollison's plane was a specially-

built Moth with a top speed of 115 m.p.h. and the exceptional long range of about 2,000 miles. He duly departed from Mascot in June, 1931, for Westfront, where the flight, for purposes of the record, was due to start.

He made Newcastle Western and checked his maps for the journey to Westfront were inadequate. Instead he made for Darwin, crossing the then virtually uncharted Northern Territory, which promised death by starvation and thirst to the flyer forced down in it.

But Mollison's engine did not fail him. He made Darwin safely and prepared to continue the same night across the Tumor Sea towards Bulwer, about 1,800 miles.

The heavy load of petrol on board, 115 gallons, impeded the plane's take-off. Mollison crashed on the runway, cracking uncracked but completely wrecking the plane.

To the young pilot embarked on his first major test, the crash was disastrous. Jimmy Mollison still remembers the humiliation he felt as he returned to Sydney to explain to the Wakefield officials.

But his skill as a pilot was unquestioned and from England came instructions that Mollison was to be given another chance. In the incredible time of three weeks a new plane had been built and he was ready to set off again.

Three times Mollison made Wyndham on the morning of July 29, 1932. The day was spent checking plane and engine. Again his petrol tanks were overloaded, but he was relying on a longer runway to save him from the Darwin fiasco. Again the Moth was determined to leave the ground and Mollison's hands were shaking on the controls. But at last the bumping ceased and he was safely

airborne. Jimmy breathed a prayer.

He followed the Australian coast to Cape Londonderry and then struck across the Tumor Sea, arriving only on instruments. His goal was the small island of Roth, 400 miles away in the Dutch East Indies.

All through the blackness of the night, Mollison's Tiger Moth sped over the water at 100 miles an hour. At 5 a.m. he passed over Roth, right on schedule. Encouraged after the hours of desperate loneliness he winged on to Lombok, Bali and finally Java, landing at Soerabaya (130 miles from Wyndham) to refuel at 2.30 in the afternoon.

After 26 minutes, Mollison was off again, trying to make Batavia for his first night's stop. The sun had set, however, when he reached there and the tropic night had descended. There were no lights to indicate the aerodrome. The wire from Soerabaya surrounding



Jimmy Mollison, record holder in his own right, entered Mollison.

his arrival had not arrived

But his patrol was almost exhausted and he had to land somewhere quickly. He remembered several, about ten miles from Beirut, a native village with 22 by three and containing a flat stretch of ground for a possible landing.

Mollison returned there and landed, slightly damaged one wing. A Dutch official appeared among the bands of natives who immediately surrounded him.

The official said word to the

aerodrome at Beirut to expect Mollison. Two hundred natives were then set to clearing a runway. Cars were rushed from Beirut to show headlights for illumination. In about an hour Mollison was able to take off again and he soon set down safely at Beirut.

Mollison refueled, had the wing repaired and was on his way again at midnight. His first day had left him with about 1,000 miles of his journey accomplished.

Singapore was the next stop but a sudden mechanical signal blew

Mollison right off course. He had to land on an island beach to find his direction. A Dutch official put him right. He made Singapore, stopped long enough to fill his tanks and gulp some coffee and set off again for Alor Star in Kedah.

The pilot's main worry now was to fight off the overpowering tendencies of sleep. Time and time again he felt his head droop and had to grab the controls to pull the machine out of a sudden nose dive.

He landed at Alor Star just before midnight, at the end of two complete days' journey and about 2,000 miles from Wyndham. Two hours later, after a short sleep, two showers and more coffee, he left for Burma.

Continuous monsoon storms made progress a nightmare but Mollison, with his Mark never missing an engine beat, inexorably ate up the miles.

Burma was left behind. India came up. Landings were made at Calcutta, Allahabad and Kanachi. Only minutes of sleep were snatched at each, at the dinner table but seemingly never made. Mollison pressed on tirelessly to his goal. Burma in Iraq was not behind. Delays arising with officials at stops in the Middle East ate into the time scheduled for sleep. A desert storm over the Syrian Desert forced Mollison to a higher altitude. When it started he could not find his landmarks and was lost.

He landed at an oasis, produced a map and spent half an hour trying to get directions to Aleppo in such language. He reached Aleppo late on the seventh night of his flight.

Across the Aegean Sea to Greece Mollison sped. He was within sight of a new record. Italy was put behind. France loomed up and he dropped down on Rome. He had

not slept since he caught a couple of hours at Aleppo, but he would not stop for that now with England the next stop.

Across the English Channel the Mark roared, its engine still singing sweetly. The same could hardly be said of its pilot. He met the coast of England at Povey's Bay and realized he could proceed as he- that, not even the few miles to Croydon airport, fearing a crash, he put the plane down on the shingle at the beach — exactly eight days, 19 hours and 20 minutes after leaving Australia, and well below the previous record.

Residents trooped out and Jimmy Mollison was put to bed for two hours. Then he proceeded to Croydon in the official reception — and home. He moved into a suite of rooms provided free by the management of a renowned London hotel. He accepted a cheque for £1,000 from an Australian benefactor who made a hobby of such gifts and had already made a similar one to Don Bradman. He also pocketed the other cheques which came fluttering in like confetti for advertising endorsements, personal appearances and so on.

But having adopted the career of record-breaker Jimmy Mollison could not rest on his laurels. He wanted off to attempt the England to the Cape record Mollison had appropriated the record, but not that time. A forced landing in the Sudan caused the abandonment of his first attempt.

His plane was repaired and he set off for home, but was arrested for a prohibited landing in Turkey against and suspected espionage. After a week's packing he was landed out of the country — but rescued his plane.

Delicate negotiation was necessary between Turkish and British



"Do you want to tell those never mind?"



Amy Johnson Lee

officials before he was allowed to return and fly his plane out. Further delays kept him in England until March 13, 1924, before he departed for his second crack at the Cape. This time he made it and took the record with a figure of four days 17 1/2 hours.

When Mollison returned to England, he took time out in July to marry the famed girl flyer, Amy Johnson. They had met in Australia after her solo solo flight from England and again in South Africa, where she had come for an ocean cruise.

The honeymoon was short, for Jimmy Mollison had a new flitch on the stocks. On August 12, 1923, he left Dublin in a De Havilland Moth to fly the Atlantic to America. When he landed safely in New Brunswick, he had grabbed another record for himself, breaking Kingsford Smith's figure for the westerly crossing and becoming the first man to fly the Atlantic solo in that direction.

Mollison then sat back and went through the same misery Amy Johnson had known while he was over the Atlantic. She was off on a dash to the Cape. She made it — and broke his record by more than ten hours.

The "friendly rivalry" of husband and wife, as the newspapers called it, was beginning. Before long, however, it created feelings that could not be described as friendly. To make matters worse, Jimmy was still avidly pursuing his ideal of eight life. To Amy, the conservative daughter of a London fish dealer, this life did not appeal.

Even their flying operations together did not work out. In 1925 they flew as partners over the Atlantic from England to the U.S.A. but they crashed at Bridgeport, Connecticut, U.S.A., and finished

the venture in an ambulance.

The same jinx dogged them in the London-Melbourne Centenary Air-race in 1924. They piloted a Comet, a similar plane to that of Scott and Black who won the race.

To beat the Melbourne best all existing records. They were at Karachi in less than 12 hours, well out in front of the other competitors. Taking off again, their trustable under-carriage was damaged and they had to withdraw from the race.

It was a disastrous finish after such an auspicious start and the pair returned home discouraged. In such an atmosphere their marriage faded completely and they went their separate ways. In 1926 Amy Johnson obtained a divorce.

In World War II both Jimmy Mollison and his former wife became ferry pilots in the Air Transport Auxiliary. By 1941 strong rumors had developed that the most famous flying team in the world were to be reconciled. But real life does not resort to a happy ending as frequently as fiction. In a few weeks Amy Johnson was dead in a plane crash in the Thames.

Mollison saw the war put on his accepted job. Then, financially well fixed, he retired from active flying.

He is still active, for his achievements have put him among the aviation great. Mollison is one of the best pilots of the air still around. His candidly asserts that he is going to live to be 85. If he does, it is certain he will be the same genial, happy, bon vivant, man-about-town.

He'll still be telling reporters, as he did the other day, that he likes women with poles. "You know," said Jimmy, "the type who makes a technical achievement of crossing her legs."

pointers to better health

NO BLINDNESS

An age-old scourge of humanity, trachoma, an eye disease which has blinded millions, has been practically eliminated, according to Dr. K. W. Cosgrove of Little Rock, Arkansas. Although at one time there were 78,000 cases of trachoma in U.S.A. alone, treatment with sulpho drugs has reduced the number of cases to a point where the disease is no real problem. Dr. Cosgrove traced the history and progress in his home State alone. In 1940 there were 1,794 new cases of trachoma reported in Arkansas. In 1953, the total was only 10. In Illinois, there were 2,416 cases in 1948, in 1953 there were none.

TAKE IT EASY

The Illinois State Medical Society reports that hurrying brings on fatigue and is inclined to reduce the amount of rest the average human body may have. The human body is a machine with a mechanical ratio of units of fuel to energy output. The more effort one puts out, the more fuel is burned up. The person who leaps out of bed, gulps a cup of tea and dashes for the train in the morning, starts, and usually finishes, the day in a nervous. Over the years this will result in frayed

nerves and an irritable disposition. It also brings on heart ailments, high blood pressure, nervous indigestion and sleep.

OPERATION MUSIC

Soldiers undergoing surgery will do it to music, if General Willard F. Hall, U.S. Air Force surgeon, has his way. His reports claim in which classical music was piped through earphones to a patient operating room procedure, stands out under local anesthesia. It was so successful that the General wants it to become routine. "Music especially selected for its soothing and relaxing qualities distracts the attention of the patient from operating room procedure, stands out noises and soothes the nerves," said the General. The patient mentioned listened to the music of Bach, Beethoven, Strauss and Haydn.

FAST THERMOMETER

A new electronic thermometer which gives an accurate reading in five to seven seconds has been invented by Colonel George T. Perkins, of the Walter Reed Army Medical Centre in Washington, D.C. It works through a tiny carbide thermometer which resists heat and translates this resistance in terms of degrees on a meter.

female william tell . . .

Shirley Smith, of Los Angeles, California, is not just a model posing with a bow, arrow and a target. She really knows how to use them—in fact she pointed two years ago at undefeated woman's champion of western North America.





Alone! Shirley's trim figure belies the strength necessary to draw the heavy bow. Why did she retire? The reason is that Capitol was also busy with the boy and Shirley married and became a mother.



Right: And here is the result of her shot—a bullseye! Or, to use an archery term, she scored in the gold. Shirley is practicing daily now, resuming her career, and is after more titles.

They fear the Slightest Scratch

Hæmophilia is a dreaded disease which is passed from mother to son. Strangely, although women are carriers, they cannot suffer from it.

BETA H. HOGAN



AN estimated 500 people in Australia suffer from hæmophilia, probably the strangest, rarest and most heart-breaking of all diseases. Sometimes known as "bleeder", from the cradle to the grave they exist in fear that a bump, a fall or a cut may cause them to bleed to death.

Their blood is deficient in the normal ingredients that cause it to clot when the skin is broken. The best doctors can stop the flow, their hearts keep pumping the blood out through the opening until the "bleeder" dies.

A few weeks ago, the papers reported the case of a boy in Los

Angles who had a tooth cut — with six doctors in attendance. For that simple operation, days of preparation were necessary.

Before, during and after the extraction, he had to be given transfusions with blood plasma, containing the concentrated "clotting ingredients" of the blood of normal persons.

Some of the "clotting" plasma was recently rushed across half the world from the United States to a children's hospital at Innsbruck in Austria. There, following a shuffling contest in play, a little boy had been bleeding to death for 10 days.

These patients were victims of hæmophilia. It is significant that they were young boys. Few hæmophiles survive the constant gambles with death until they reach manhood.

There are exceptions who live on. A medical journal not long ago reported the case of a 31-year-old hæmophiler in England. In his lifetime he had been in hospital no less than 327 times.

Hæmophilia may be a rare disease, but it has been plaguing the human race for a long time. Two thousand years ago, Greek and Hebrew historians described its nature and expressed mystification as to its cause and prevention.

Modern science has still not solved these riddles. The recent developments of the "clotting" plasma has only aided the treatment of each bleeding attack.

Hæmophilia afflicts about one person in every 10,000.

As it is hereditary, hæmophilia descends from birth. No healthy person — so far as is known — contracts it during his life.

Only men not affected with the actual symptoms, although women can be carriers of it. Men can only pass it on to their daughters who, although not suffering from it themselves, pass it on in turn to 50 per cent of their sons. According to biologists, the only chance of a woman being born an actual bleeder herself would be as the result of the union of a true male hæmophiler and a female carrier.

These hereditary quirks and ruses make hæmophilia the worst-kept of all diseases. Thus, a mother can give it to her son. He cannot pass it on to his sons, but he may pass it on to his grandsons through his daughters. If hæmophilia had only sons, the disease would practically die within a generation.

Although all the daughters of an actual male hæmophiler will be carriers, only 50 per cent of the daughters' own children will be affected. If those 50 per cent are sons, they will know their condition practically from birth — often from the operation of circumcision which kills many hæmophiles in the first hours of life.

The girls born to a known female carrier are doomed to lives of heart-breaking uncertainty. They have a 50-50 chance of being carriers — but they will not know until they themselves marry and bear sons, 50 per cent of whom again will be true hæmophiles.

The chances about the whole thing make it possible for the disease to remain dormant in female carriers for generations. When it does appear in a male with no recent family history of hæmophilia, people often erroneously believe that it has suddenly developed in the victim.

Hæmophilia is generally known only as the disease which has plagued certain European Royal families for centuries. Thus it is sometimes called "the royal disease". Actually, it is no respecter of rank and can doom for life the beggar as well as the baron.

It has been persistently close to our own Royal Family. Queen Victoria is believed to have been a carrier.

Through her daughters, Princess Alice and Princess Beatrice, and her youngest son, Leopold, hæmophilia hit the German, Spanish and Russian royal houses. Alexis, the heir of the last Russian Czar, Nicholas II, and two of the four sons of Alfonso, the last King of Spain, were hæmophiles.

Hoppy, King Edward VII of England — son of Queen Victoria — was not hæmophilic. He thus

removed the threat from descendants of Queen Victoria following through him — all the present Royal Family.

The Russian Imperial Family would doubtless have contained many victims of the affliction had they not been wiped out wholesale in 1917. The Czarovich Alexis was stricken by it and had to be carried by the revolutionaries to the cellar where he was to die with his family.

The haemophilic may be likened to an over-ripe tomato. Every moment of his life, asleep and awake, is dangerous. He is ill on an average of one week on two.

Few of them can walk more than a short distance without their feet bleeding. A haemorrhage may be brought on simply by a sudden movement while sleeping.

Internal bleeding is caused may be more frequent for the haemophilic than that caused by breaks in the skin. A bump on the head may make the face swell and become black with the blood of extensive haemorrhaging.

Some haemophiles suffer more than others and bleed more easily and more severely. Few of them can take a chance on shaving, so go through life bearded — if they ever reach an age at which whiskers become a problem.

A haemophilic baby can make its parents' lives a nightmare of worry. Its first crib must be padded. Its toys must all be of the soft, doll-like type. It must be watched constantly. Even pulling itself up by the side of its cot can start a haemorrhage.

When you cut your finger, an intricate chemical process creates a sufficient agent in your blood called fibrin. This effectively dams the cut. One of the ingredients necessary for the production of the

fibrin is a substance known as AHF, or anti-haemophilic factor. If the AHF does not appear, the process of fibrin manufacture breaks down.

The blood of a normal person automatically creates 18 times as much AHF as the fibrin will require. Basically, that of the haemophilic does not supply enough AHF. The fibrin-making plant stalls. The blood does not clot properly, and the bleeding continues unchecked.

As the haemophilic lacks AHF, the logical treatment is to supply the deficiency by artificial means. This is the accepted method of giving relief to the sufferer today.

Originally it was done by means of a transfusion of the blood of a normal person, which soon raised the quantity of AHF in the victim's blood stream. The only difficulty with this is that the AHF in stored blood is unstable and becomes ineffective within 24 hours. Thus the stored blood of haemophiles and other institutions was of no use for the treatment of the haemophilic. Fresh blood had to be obtained all the time by transfusion.

Recent experimentation in the United States has resulted in the use of blood plasma—normal blood after the removal of the red cells. It was found that AHF retained its potency in fresh plasma that was quick-frozen in the manner of modern foods. Thus preserved, it can be used to relieve the bleeding of a haemophilic for as long as a year.

In addition, the plasma has the advantage of being less bulky than whole blood and can be more easily and quickly injected. The whole blood is now only used when, as the result of prolonged bleeding, the red cells of the haemophilic have to be replaced.

With AHF easily available in

fresh plasma, the lot of the bleeder has been tremendously improved in recent years. The torments of surgery have been lessened.

The success in using frozen blood plasma to build up the haemophilic's supply of AHF has encouraged the hope amongst American researchers that they might eventually be able to keep the disease at bay.

They think it possible to supply AHF to haemophiles in handy, regular, easily-injected doses. This would keep the patient's blood al-

ways in a condition approaching that of a normal person.

The bleeding from cuts and so on, and the internal haemorrhages, would be mastered because it would not occur in the first place. Like diabetes with their regular shots of insulin, the haemophiles would be enabled to live like human beings. Never again would they be tormented by the ever-present anxiety that another bleeding "episode" will come and transform them into hospital patients on the point of death.





"Mr. Scarpell is a magnificent man who likes very much to see you in his house."

You can be so WRONG

RHYS BRADSHAW



THERE are people everywhere ready to wreck your life away. There's doom at every day, disaster incarnate you. They see you do this, they know for a fact you did that. There's no question of their sincerity. They are convinced that you are the culprit, the guilty monster, the wicked man. They are not spurred by personal motives of jealousy, hatred, or revenge.

One minute you're free as the air, the next you're picked up on charges ranging from murder to shoplifting. Frowned by the society class of whom you can do little. A mere demand of proof is not enough. Finding proof is hard, often impossible. You feel despairingly powerless.

Like Christopher Emanuel Balestrero. His predicament could be yours. Two girls damned his soul with a few words. He knew nothing about it until January 14, 1955, when the blow struck like a bombshell uprooting the placid ordinariness of his life.

It was getting on to six o'clock in the evening. Balestrero was performing the commonplace act of coming home—only this home-coming was unlike any other. There was a reception committee. As he walked up the steps to the door of his house in New York City, the shadows moved and a trio of men approached him. A gentle man, Balestrero was startled. He thought for a moment they were

Mistaken identity has caused grave misinterpretations of justice in the case of Balestrero, he escaped imprisonment only through the capture of the real criminal.

these His trepidation switched to bewilderment when he saw the badges in their hands. Police officers—but what did they want with him? They weren't talking. They wanted him for questioning, that's all they told him.

"But what for?" Belstrom looked in consternation from one detective to another. "What have I done?"

"We're taking you along to the station," one said.

At the station they asked Belstrom his age.

"Forty-three," he said.

"You're a night-club musician, that right?"

Belstrom nodded. "At the Starb Club. I play the string bass on the rumble band there. Say, what's this all about?"

They told him they mentioned the Prudential Insurance Co. of America. The company had a branch office not far from Belstrom's home. On July 3, 1933, just after noon, an armed bandit had held up the office and escaped with \$300 dollars. On December 11 of the same year, again just after noon, the same hold-up man repeated his operation and robbed the office of seventy-one dollars.

That man, said witnesses, was Belstrom.

The musician, listening with growing fear, was disappointed. He burst into a short, nervous laugh. "But that's ridiculous," he protested. "I'm not a stick-up gangster. I wouldn't know one end of a gun from another. And to appear as broad daylight . . . to stage a robbery . . . why, it's all too silly. Me of all people! I—well, I just wouldn't have the nerve."

"You can't say you don't know that office," the detective started to grill him. "Your family has done

life insurance policies with the company."

"That's true," Belstrom murmured.

"How many times have you visited the office?"

Belstrom thought. "Two," he said.

"What for?"

"To arrange loans on the policies—there was illness in the family."

"When was the last time you were there?"

Belstrom looked his dry hat. He was frightened and he showed it. "Yesterday," he said.

"What was that for?"

"Home—my wife—she had to have some dental work done. We needed \$25 dollars. We couldn't afford it. We thought of the insurance company. I want to see them about the loan."

"What about last year—December and July—did you visit the office then?"

Belstrom shook his head, and said no several times in his agitation.

"But you did need money?"

"Sure, I needed money. I don't get a big salary. Everybody needs money sometime."

The police went back again to the beginning. They put Belstrom on the whirlwind of questions and answers. The questions fell repetitively like hammer blows, never winking. Belstrom's answers at first went like a wall. But the wall crumbled. Under the third-degree treatment, he still stuck to the truth as he had told it, but his replies were hesitant and stumbling. He took longer. He frowned more. He didn't seem so sure.

In the urgency of his panic he cried out: "You've got the wrong person. I'm absolutely innocent."

Where are those witnesses?"

"They're on their way now."

Back with him, Belstrom gave only a hapless nod when the detective told him to write in black letters the message which the stick-up man had given to the clerk before the robbery on December 11. This was it: "This is a gift. I have painted it for you. Be quiet and you will not be hurt. Give me the money from the cash drawer."

Six times Belstrom printed the words. Once he misspelled the word drawer as draw, and in the words of the detective that mistake was still incriminating, for in the original note the word had been spelled exactly the same.

For then the musician's guilt was clinched when the two pals from the insurance office appeared and identified Belstrom as the line-up on the bandit.

Tortured, Belstrom asked to be permitted to speak to his wife. He was told that she would be informed of his whereabouts. He was in the detention cell before he realized it. He paced about. He could not see this man and Chicago-brother Belstrom as one and the same person. Sleep was impossible. There was his wife to be thought about. What was going on in her mind? How she was taking this shock. There was his work—what about that?

In the morning, gaunt and haggard, he was taken to police headquarters, photographed, fingerprinted. He hungrily ate the roll given him and drank the mug of coffee. It didn't take him long to get him back to court. He was charged with assault and robbery and allowed \$50 dollars bail. Belstrom knew there was no hope of paying that amount. His wife was handcuffed to a fellow prisoner among

Went into a suite one day and had a few cherry words to the waitress. She was a good-looking gal, but not very bright upstairs. We got to talking and she volunteered the information that her mother and father were first cousins. "That," she carefully explained, "is why I look so much alike."

a group who filed into the van, which was driven off to the goal.

Belstrom hung his head, better with humiliation, creeping around in the dress of his dignity for some spark of his personality that had not been crushed by this cruel experience which had now reduced him to the status of a common felon.

Later that day and after being 34 hours in custody the hapless man was taken out of the cell. His brother-in-law, Gene Condon, was waiting to lead him out. When he saw him and realized this Belstrom collapsed.

But he wasn't free of his problem. He had to get a lawyer, but what lawyer would handle such a case? Desperate, he finally asked an Attorney Frank D. O'Connor, and O'Connor agreed. He said to Belstrom: "You say you didn't do these robberies. Then you must have been somewhere else when they were committed. We're going to find

out where. And we've got to prove it for each occasion."

O'Connor worked untiringly. He showed up the accused's alibi for July 8, 1923, by proving that Balentoro, his wife, and their two sons, aged 12 and five, were at Balentoro Farm out of Concord, N.Y. when they had gone for a holiday. The proprietor and other guests were able to confirm the fact that Balentoro had been present at lunch on July 8.

The lawyer spent days of exhaustive questioning and investigating before he got anywhere with December 14. When Balentoro remembered that around about Christmas he had suffered from abscessed teeth, O'Connor turned up the dentist's records and learned that from December 14 to December 22 Balentoro's teeth could not be pulled because of the extremely swollen right jaw. O'Connor talked to band members. They remembered that the jaw was up like a football all the week. This fact gave O'Connor an advantage in that none of the witnesses had reported the benefit as having a swollen jaw.

Despite these rays of hope, Balentoro became more and more depressed. But it was his wife who cracked up. He became obsessed with the belief that it was through her fault her husband was in trouble, and finally she suffered a nervous breakdown and was taken to a sanatorium. Balentoro fought his black depression, often wondering why and whether it was worth going on living.

On April 26 he learned from O'Connor that his trial was to take place on July 13. Heavy-hearted, he went off to the Stock Club. He merely played mechanically as he had been doing all these weeks.

Then, an hour after midnight, the road news came, as shockingly unexpected as the descent of the police on that evening of January 14.

"Now, put that back down," Miami Jack Elliott was smiling at him. "They've caught the guy who did these robberies."

Balentoro couldn't believe it. But it was true. The real criminal, Daniel, who had been caught earlier that evening in a delirious hold-up, had confessed to several recent stick-ups including those at the Prudential office. He knew about Balentoro being held, and he said: "If he was convicted I was going to write the D.A. and try to clear him."

At the police station Balentoro and the 34-year-old Daniel, handcuffed to a chair, looked briefly at one another. There was a faint, furtive resemblance between the two, but nobody could mistake their identity. Yet two people did.

Balentoro told his wife at the sanatorium next morning, but she was too ill to do more than smile faintly at the happy news—and he knew that the doctors were right when they said her recovery would be slow.

Yes, witnesses can hurt. They can get you hanged. They can break up your family life. There is no repair where the consequences of their dogmatic attack here may end. They can follow you to the grave, affecting you and yours.

The spectators should remember that he had a tremendous responsibility. He should hold that responsibility. He should thank God for his account. He had to make a wrong. Contrary to the popular proverb, it's often too late to mend.

Christopher Emanuel Balentoro Binks is—and he ought to know

When the supplies failed to arrive the small parties faced starvation. Finally only three women and seven children remained.

LEO PARIAN

The ISLE of CASTAWAYS



THE Mexicans call it "La Isla de la Penca"—which means "The Penman Isle"—and it put its intriguing title back in the days of the Spanish conquest, Fernando Cortes.

A small battle was fought on its shores by the crew of one of his vessels. Dozens of men were killed as they browsed over the attentions of two captive Indian maidens they had on board.

The world has preferred to call the island by the more prosaic title of Clipperton. By that name you will find it on any good map—midway between the Panama

Canal and San Diego and about 470 miles out in the Pacific.

Today Clipperton has deserted and uninhabited. On its highest elevation, however, there still stands the ruins of a stone lookout tower—bringing to memory one of the most poignant stories of desert island castaways on record.

On Clipperton, three women and seven children endured a life of hardship and privation.

To begin the story it is necessary to go back to a happy day in 1808 in the Mexican city of Salina Cruz. There lay 30-year-old Dolores, of the usually prominent Roa family.

dy, married a handsome captain, Ramon de Armas, who was attached to the local military barracks.

As a wedding present, Captain de Armas received a command of his own. He was ordered to lead an expedition to Clipperton Island and there set up a garrison in the name of Mexico.

For years Mexico and France had been arguing about the ownership of Clipperton Island, but neither had done anything tangible about it. The Mexican President, Porfirio Diaz, eventually tired of talk and took the positive action of assuming possession—hence the order that took Captain de Armas, his birds and tiny garrison there.

Accordingly, the party from Salina Cruz were put ashore on Clipperton from a Mexican warship.

The Captain soon had a barracks erected and comfortable living quarters. Several of the non-commissioned officers of the small force who had been permitted to bring their wives and families.

For several years the island population was tolerably contented. The captain kept a constant guard and regularly drilled his handful of men to repel invaders. But no vessel except the regular quarterly supply ship ever appeared on the horizon.

Then in 1913 the supply ship failed to arrive on schedule. Days, weeks, a whole quarter, passed and there was no sign of the ship. The island and all on it had been forgotten.

In 1913, General Victoriano Huerta came to power. Formerly head of the army and directly responsible for the governing of Clipperton, he remembered the island—but not the marooned men and women on it. Huerta arranged

with France to submit the question of ownership of the island to an independent adjudicator — King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He said he would consider the question—and there it stood for many years.

On Clipperton when the supply ship failed to arrive, Captain de Armas assumed it had been delayed and refilled his supplies of food. By careful planning they held out for another complete quarter.

When the storm ran out they had to depend on the few commodities available, sea birds and their eggs, fish, goats and seaweed. All rapidly deteriorated into tasteless, watery-saltish soups.

One day, in a storm, they sighted a ship. They signalled and waved and started fires. The vessel—a small schooner, the *Nokomis*—ventured closer and was wrecked on the reef.

Captain de Armas and his men hurried out through the boiling surf in a couple of small boats and succeeded in saving half the crew. Brought to shore, the shipwrecked sailors—men whom they had expected salvation—proved a dangerous liability. They meant even more trouble to consume the meagre food supplies on hand.

Gradually the lack of proper food took toll of the population of La Isla de la Peana. The men started to leave more food for the women and children. One by one the men began to die.

Then the instinct of self-preservation began to develop. Some of the men rebelled against the rationing and the discipline maintained by Captain de Armas to stop them all going mad. One day a serious fight developed between the men. When known were shackled again and none were loosed, only a few of the men remained alive. Captain de Armas had been wounded

but continued to keep the pitiful wilderness alive.

Another disastrous storm descended and uprooted half of the previous rescued pitons. Captain de Armas climbed up to the lookout. When he came down he informed them that he had seen a ship leave to outside the reef.

The captain proceeded they saw out to seek rescue instead of waiting for it to come to them. They knew the reef and could get through to the open sea without too much trouble.

All agreed to make the attempt. Captain de Armas detailed one man to stay with the women and children. The rest assigned three dingy, leaky boats and pushed off through the foaming waves. There was nothing to be seen but green, surging water. Through the storm, the man and the mist, Captain de Armas's eyes had played tricks. He had seen, not a ship, but a mirage.

It was too much for the men. They had relied on their last reserves of will to accomplish the



"Goodbye Mr. Dumbert . . . I know you're stuck!"

horrible row through the sea. Back on Clipperton Island, Dolores de Arnaud watched the grim scene from the lookout. Through a small apertures she saw the three boats come together. She saw her husband standing at the tiller of one boat. Then it seemed every one was raised and all were read as weapons to beat down the lonely figure.

So silent were they on the look in hand they did not notice a monstrous creature rising in the background. For second it seemed to hover, gathering watery strength. Then it pulled forward over the three boats with the momentum of a tidal wave. The three boats and all in them were swept in destruction.

The Mexican garrison on Clipperton Island was now reduced to the one man left by Captain de Arnaud—and four women and seven children. Two years had passed since the last supply vessel arrived. Two more agonizing years had to be endured before rescue came.

A few weeks after the loss of the boats at sea, the women and children were left without even their single mode protection. In a sudden fit of madness, he went berserk. He attacked and killed one of the women. The others, for their own protection, thereupon killed him to death.

On July 18, 1813, a United States warship, Yorktown, was patrolling in the vicinity of Clipperton Island in search of German submarines. The captain discovered several moving specks on the beach. He sent off a boat.

Meanwhile the stricken outcrops on La Isla de la Pampa had seen the ship. They watched with fevered anxiety as the ship's boat slowly circled the reef, seeking an

entrance. Then crisis of horror came from ten throats as the boat was seen to return to the warship.

Dolores de Arnaud and the other women looked at one another. They did not speak but nodded with agreement. They could not stand any more suffering. They would kill the children, bury them with decent formality and then commit suicide.

Like women in a trance, they summoned the children. Around a rough wooden cross they had erected on the beach they fell on their knees. Dolores de Arnaud prepared to offer a final prayer. Then one of the children looked up and gave a shrill cry. He pointed out to sea. The boat was back outside the reef and coming its way into the channel.

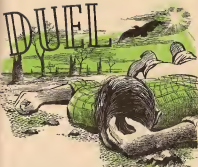
It had returned to the Yorktown for instructions from the captain before taking the risk of hoisting on the reef. The captain ordered the boat back immediately and sent the ship's doctor and emergency supplies with it.

All on Clipperton Island were rescued. After medical care they recovered strength and were conveyed to a U.S. port. Eventually they returned to Mexico.

Clipperton Island continued as the subject of argument between France and Mexico. The Italian king who had agreed to assistance did not give his despatch until 1904, when it passed into the possession of France.

Except for an occasional visitor, however, it has remained uninhabited ever since. Three women and seven children gladly shook its dust from their feet back in 1813.

La Isla de la Pampa clatters on silently. There are none who want to disturb its unhappy decision.



The man lay helpless in the sun. He could not last long, but he was conscious—conscious of the crow that was waiting for him to die.

PERCHED on the blue-gray bough of a dead tree, its wings lying close to its lean body, only its head moved to a mechanical survey. The crow saw the object, akin to its company, hostile to its senses, curious to its respects—saw it passing over the plain.

As it came nearer, knocking the echoes out of the silent morning, the crow started its wings, beating the dusty air about them, ready to flap into space, not alarmed, but

suspicious, keeping a fierce glare on the common sight moving in that vast expanse of dead timber, brush, and mossy grass.

Then it saw the sudden, startling confusion, the stumbling and lying still of the thing on the scrub; then the one part rising itself and moving off with a tossing thunder that sounded like the scrub when the men are there with axon. Startled at first, its wings ruffled, its body poised, the crow, with

the sure instinct of safety, now settled down again. It watched the glistening object into the distance, and then turned its eyes to the other part, watching like a rabbit on the poisoned hills, lying still, crawling like a worm that is in the sun.

For a long time the crow watched.

The strong searching figure of the sun crept into the heavy recesses and took the glimmer off the vegetation, turning the shadows of the trees, and filling the leaves with a lurid lurid turquoise, shaking with steady glimmers. Out of the uttermost wilderness, a flock of golden, rose and grey, came wheeling into the sun, and turned in by the waters to drink about the rim.

The crow still waited.

It watched a rabbit scuffle from the brush, come suddenly to a standstill, and squat with ears pricking . . . not fifty yards from the man. It saw the rabbit, reassured, run again, squat again on the warren ridge, and there gambled with another. There was no movement from the man.

The crow swung off the branch, up into the world that was rising with the sun in its oblique slide over the arid sky. It flew in a circle to windward, and speckled blood, and then it knew there was no danger. Cawing harshly, and long as it poured out the volcanic greed of its soul, as if thirsting with a melancholy lust as that loneliness and the stricken thing that nature had broken there, it settled on a branch a hundred yards from the man, and looked down.

The man lay on his stomach, his arms outstretched. His eyes were open, and there was life and cognition in them, but his face worked

in spasms, and blood trickled out of his mouth. His left leg was bent and trembled hopelessly. His hands dropped and opened on the ground as he fought the curdles of blackness that kept flapping in his mind, the urgent onset of delirium.

He knew what was wrong with him. He knew that he was hurt inside. He knew that he would die unless they came for him before nightfall, and even then it was a small chance. He knew that because he had seen men sick; he had seen them die, lost and mad in the wilderness. The look of his hands told him that, but his instinct of self-preservation refused to admit it, and he fought off even the thought with a paucity of desperation.

His bunkhead told him to be still, to grip his senses, not to dissipate his energy in noise and noise as the pain urged him to do. The sun, blazing out of the metal sky, began to roast his face, to lift the moisture out of his skin, so that his lips dried into cracks, and his tongue was a hot sandy lump. Swallowing himself, he crawled inch by inch until he had his head in the shade of the brush. He lay his head down with a sigh of relief, and his eyes, vacant, suddenly became fixed on the crow, which was now perched on a tree fifty yards away.

The man's spirit suddenly seemed to run into a weak noose in his stomach. He stared at the crow and the crow stared back. They watched each other for ten minutes. The man knew that that he was dying; no amount of fighting courage could blind him to that thought, which became uppermost in his mind, running up his brain as up a spiral, to burst at the top with horrible, indelible reality.

He cried out in a frenzy of hate and rage, "You'll never get me, you black vulture. You hell with you! I'll sweep a grave and tell you at twelve I'll tell you every morning take care."

He moved his arms, but the crow only started, and kept sharpening its beak on the dead wood in his desperation, forgetting the wisdom of his lore, the man tried to convince the bird that he was well alive, and a danger that he could not budge it. Then he realized how foolish were these notions, for there was no fooling the crow. There was no way of deceiving an instinctive creature, no way of counteracting the constant sensation that beckoned death.

He took his eyes away from the bird, and, overcome with a ghastly phantom of hope and fear, lay with his cheek to the earth, thinking. What was his chance? If a summer should come it would be from the north, from the station. His tortured mind, scrambling at the vivid agonies of the situation and his extreme dependence of the dumb habit of a home, confured up the scene.

The filly, reins hanging, galloping into the yard. Station rushing out, probably still gripping his eternal pipe, taking everything in at once. Or maybe his wife, slow-witted, always muttering stupid redundancies. He could see her when the truth sank in: "It's that Ashbourne fellow . . . the damn trapper . . . the fire man working for you. That's his name. George, go quickly. He might be hurt."

Quickly, he thought . . . yes. Station would come quickly, but when? When it was too late. Would the horse go straight home, if it went there at all? And where

would they look for him in that dark and broken world?

Already he saw the phantom of the searcher galloping his horse over the ground and the ground a mystery, listening to the highest people and scanning the far-flung gleam shimmer for a man that might be a dog and a dog that might be a man—and he could see the squinted eyes and the giant feet poked with desperate controlled concern, and he wanted to see the brush, he wanted to shout; he wanted to stand and swing his arms and make movement that distinguished him from the deadening fragments of still life about him and identified him and marked him unmistakably.

For the man who came in search might have been beaten, his two eyes not enough, and gone off to seek others—and all the time he was lying there and his life was wasted out. And then when they came it would be too late. Enough of them gathered to spread out and against and search him out quickly, more quickly, but too late. He saw them around him, looking down at him, lifting him, wishing they could have been a little earlier. And that was the worst of it, the grim and terrible irony.

Station took away time from the lost and injured man and gave it to the process of rounding up others to help find and save that same man. And it made the rescue too late. That was the joke of it.

And all because Station didn't know where to look for him in the first place. But was that true—didn't he know? There was that talk this morning before he set out. Had he said where he was seeking the direction? Or was it this morning, or yesterday morning or the morning before that?

He detatched the vortex of his brain, delving among the dusty lights and the feet of pain for past words and dead thoughts, but he could not crystallize them; he abandoned in uncertainty.

Time he prayed for Time to live through to possible peace.

But the crow did not worry about time. It possessed the only weapon that could conquer time—patience, a cold, sullen, unrelenting patience. Patience it had known from the time of its birth in a great tree that rose up into space, that stood ragged against the quick wrath of the storm and the buffets of the wind; it had waited patiently for its parents to come with food, it had waited patiently to die—patiently to understand all these things.

It could wait . . . however, circles.

Watch and wait, as it had waited for the last exhausted squire of the rabbit in the trap; as it had waited, following with deliberate and vampire deadliness, the erratic stumbling of the drought-improvised sheep, until it fell with panting sides, as it had waited for the wood-poussed halibut to thrash its last. Yes, it could wait, oblivious of time, until this man died. It could, in the end, weather anything, frost, heat or man, and then step on the dead.

It flew to the ground, walking a few yards respectfully, and then swooped into a tangle lower to the ground and closer to the man.

The man opened his eyes. He could not focus them for several moments. He looked painfully about him, and he saw the crow peering at him with a horrible, greedy, wicked and dumb malice.



"Now who in the world could that be?"

Instantly, he started—at its eyes set in bony, ring-shaped sockets, at its strange bony head, the scaly skin at the base of its bill—and he saw it was the black and living symbol of patience and evil. The vision went black, then cleared, the darkness all vanished into this single jet creature.

He knew the crow was looking at him with all the unconscious of nature. And he knew it could hear him. He knew he could not resist its vigilance. The merits were equal, the conditions just, he was a man and it was a bird. There was only one way to outwit it—keep alive. Force and convince the spirit into the flesh, sharpen his fading senses, drive energy into his flagging heart.

He knew that, but the pictures that came tumbling deliciously into his mind overrode the knowledge—the pictures of his fingers yelping and blundering feebly in the traps, their eyes picked clean out, only the halibut wet scales remaining; and he thought of the blasted carcasses of sheep, their lungs torn, their stomachs ripped open, and their entrails terrible with mutilation and corruption; and how the lustrous centers of the dead protruded on the fleshly-tinted wool, dipping their claws into it and plucking it out like ketchup, chattering and jumping with fiery glaze.

In a panic he swung his arm and shouted out a rising protest. The crow flew off, startled, cawing loudly. But the effort was too much for the man, and he fell unconscious.

The crow flew into a tree, watched.

The man went over the shadowy outside, putting a cold shawl on the lapsoes, turning the dead tree

into petrified grotesques, it struck silver from the wings of the whirling gale, screaming in agony under the cold, smooth head of the sky.

The crow circled from tree to tree until it was almost directly above the man. It swooped to the ground. With girlish intimations of attitude, it took a few steps and stepped by the man's foot. It jumped on to his back, flipped down by his arm, and began triumphantly of pluck at his hair, pulling and tossing its head in an effort to turn his face.

Like a demon it worked—looming dead in the prospect of its chosen feast, its back snapping, snapping, working with the anxiety of the glutton, the shuddish tremor of the victim, surviving and yet striving to turn the face of its prey—until suddenly, out of the south, came the sound of danger.

Startled, alarmed, disapprehended, it ran along the ground to take off into the air. There was another noise, a sharp crack, and it twisted around and fell to the earth. It struggled up and made to run, made to fly, but the power was draining out of its legs. There was no lift in its wings. It ran, falling, racing, screaming helplessly, terrified of the noise and the strange, unknown night coming down. And then it was spreadled in a convulsion of feathers, its head to one side, its eye rolling madly, and there was a long shadow over it, and a terrible and hostile voice.

A glare flashed in the eyes of the crow, as if it knew it had been cheated, outraged—that its victim had been helped, and the deal had not been fair.

The pebble shuddered over its eye, and a foot kicked it over on to an outcrop.

CAVALCADE HOME



ON SLOPING GROUND

E. H. BURRICH



OF THE MONTH NO. 12



THIS brick home is designed for a 50-ft. wide suburban lot sloping away from the street. The main floor is just under 12 squares and consists of a large living room with dining annex, kitchen, bath and two bedrooms. Main entrance is into a small hall divided from dining area by a planting screen. The north wall of the living room consists of fixed and sliding glass panels leading out to the paved terrace. The kitchen has plenty of cupboard space and a free-standing counter into which stove and sink are built. Bedrooms have ample built-in wardrobes. An open

stair leads down from the living area into the lower ground floor which includes a large playroom containing clothes washing equipment. A clothes chute opening at the bottom of the stairs could be built into the wardrobe of the larger upstairs bedroom. A third bedroom (if required) could also be built downstairs either immediately or at a later date. Its own WC and shower room is situated just below the main bathroom for ease in plumbing. If the main floor were raised slightly a garage with 7-ft. high ceiling could be built in at the lower floor level.

HOUSE of the SNAKES

SPENCER LEWING

LIFE doesn't change much in darkest Africa. Tribal superstitions and customs linger, and probably they always will.

To this day, in parts of the Belgian Congo, men still kill men—but not snakes. Pythons, mambas, and other reptiles are with holy and unobtainable in the steaming jungles and habitations of the Central African snake-woods.

Yet at least one white man tried hard to teach these natives a salutary lesson, to deter them from cannibalism and human sacrifices.

He partially succeeded in this. Alfred Gluck was a big game and reptile hunter accustomed to gambling hourly with death in Central Africa in his quest for specimens for various zoos. It was on one of his expeditions that he encountered the "House of Snakes" and it could have cost him his life.

One morning while in his camp in the Belgian Congo a messenger arrived from "The House of the Snakes" with presents of ivory, ostrich quills filled with gold dust, some weapons and ornaments, fruit,



"No human being must be sacrificed, or the waters will drink from the town and the tribe will be destroyed."



CATS ARE TOUGH

A cat named Sula disappeared from a cattery of a motor factory in Lancashire and turned up three months later in Bangalore, India, after an eight-week voyage without food or water. On the way she gave birth to three kittens, which died. Apparently she went into a cave to have her kittens and was picked up inside it. Sula was adopted in India and renamed Xenophon.

ELPHANT NOT SO TOUGH

Donna's favorite elephant, which was installed in the zoo there, was two-year-old Rama. It never weighed three because it died due to a heart attack. Strong eating too much spaghetti. Rama enjoyed spaghetti, liking it cooked with tomato sauce, bacon and pepper. He also liked his spaghetti cooked in butter and sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese. He refused to eat normal elephant food of hay, greens, rice and fruit, but would eat ten pounds of spaghetti at one sitting, winding it around the tip of his trunk and putting it into his mouth.

TEN-YEAR PROTEST

In 1953 a man wrote to the Lon-

don Times complaining against the "postpostmodern rule which allows two services to the server in tennis." He signed himself "Xenophon." Ten years later he again wrote with the same protest and signed himself "Septimogressus". In 1963 he wrote a third time with the same protest and his signature read, "Octogressus." The London Times is wondering if he will come good again in 1963.

"STEELING" OPERATION

Ray Thompson, aged ten, of Liverpool, England, went to a hospital to have a steel splinter removed from his finger. He was wheeled into the operation theatre and relieved of his appendix before the doctors discovered that they had confused him with another patient.

TRETHENS TROUBLES

Two nurses stopped George Balin at a street in Milwaukee, to check his teeth. George complied and the nurses, checked. Immediately after the inspection, one nurse gave the other a dollar bill. They were willing a bet whether his teeth were real or false. They were his own.

gram, and four native girls.

The messenger said that he came from the High Priest, "The Father of the Snake," "Holder of light to the Snake Gods", with a request that his chief might have speech with the great white chamber of sacred snakes whose fumes had spread everywhere, and eat food which the white man would perhaps give him with his own hand.

Alfred went back a messenger of welcome to the High Priest and food a time for the meeting.

At the time specified the High Priest arrived at Alfred's camp. He wore a robe of white monkey skins, and carried a twisted staff still resembling two intertwined snakes.

Alfred greeted him from a seat raised on a small platform of tin boxes. Around him his native guards were drawn up in a half circle, and a double line of his hunters—all 'outlaws', for some reason or other—formed the approach to the white man's impregnable throne. Around his neck Alfred had a beak necklace, and several other costly snakes were twisted around his body. All of them had been carefully defanged, but only Alfred and a few of his trusted henchmen knew this.

The visitor made obeisance by falling on his knees and bowing three times. Then he started a song of praise to the great snake called about the white man.

Alfred invited the High Priest to be seated, but he refused because, as he indicated by gesture, he was in the presence of the carriers of secret death. So Alfred retired, bowed up the snakes, and returned. The old man then sat down.

He told Alfred that the king of the Snake Worshipers would be honored by a visit from the great white man. It was proposed that

Alfred should spend there the days between two changes of the moon—first week mostly, fourth day. That evening the visitor became confidential, and told the white man how the High Priest was selected.

The four leading priests he read were put, one by one, into a hut in which were four deadly snakes. The hut was then closed and sealed, with the other three priests on guard. The priest in the hut remained a prisoner for a day and a night, with nothing to defend him asked help from the venomous reptiles.

If the first prisoner were still alive at the end of the ordeal, he was acknowledged and accepted as High Priest. If not, another leading priest took his place in the hut of snakes, and went through the same ordeal. And so on, by process of elimination.

Alfred, his cousin, and the High Priest left camp, and proceeded north-west under the High Priest's guidance, through swamps, over hills, and through dense steaming jungle. Two carriers raised their footing, and disappeared in the steaming water infused with crocodiles, snakes and big game of all kinds abundant in the jungle.

On the twentieth day the powdered student-guard appeared. Now they met the High Priest's messengers, or knew the time and place of meeting, Alfred was never able to discover.

At last, at the top of a hill, Alfred saw the House of Snakes. Actually it was a big native town on a platform which was an island, because water surrounded it.

Alfred saw hundreds of huts, with one special cluster which he was told was the King's House. A rock-pile in the middle of the platform was the High Priest's home.

The hillside was covered with strong bands of posts, and at the lower end of the valley stone-banded hillside were grating.

While Alfred was preparing to pitch his camp on a spot near to some apparently clean water, the king's messenger arrived with orders that the visiting party was to camp in the place that had been set aside for it.

Knowing that for this allocated had only drinking water near it, Alfred ordered half a dozen of his hunters to beat the messenger from the camp with their spears-hands.

Then the High Priest appeared. He knew nothing of the king's order. He hadn't been consulted, he said.

Realizing now that the tribe was divided into two factions, the king's and the priests', Alfred sent a messenger to the king asking that he would remain where he was, and that he would be ready to receive "the Majesty" whenever he cared to honor him with a visit.

Alfred felt secure in the knowledge that all his supporting natives were cowards. They had transgressed some tribal law the punishment for which was immediate death. So their loyalty to the white hunter was spontaneous and unqualified, as their only hope of salvation. Besides, Alfred, as their protector, had gone with which to meet any hostile invasion.

Some four hundred of the Snake warriors began to climb the hill, and then drew themselves into two lines extending down the hillside. Finally came the royal procession. The king of the Snakes had a personal bodyguard of ten men.

The reception ceremony was very much as it had been for the High Priest, except that the king and his retinue sat only prostrate

themselves when they saw the snakes, but refused to rise or cover their bodies until the reptiles had been removed and packed away.

Alfred was not impressed by his royal guest, a huge fat man, with restless, snake-charming-looking eyes set close together. He wore a robe of lion skins, and his companions were all dressed in leopard robes.

The visiting party included some women and girls wearing short skirts made of skins and ornate plaques which reached only halfway to the knees. Necklaces, bracelets and bright bells were in evidence, but Alfred noted that these exotic adornments did not make up for the ugliness of the women's faces. They were thick-lipped, flat-nosed, and their faces were broader than long.

The following day Alfred walked down the hillside apparently playing with two large snakes that sought to twist themselves round his neck. He made for the rock-pile where the High Priest and his attendants were gathered. All prostrated themselves before the sacred reptiles. Thereupon the white hunter offered the deadly snakes, one to the northern day, and the other to the spirit of the night.

This visit had been made with a specific purpose, and Alfred was not disappointed. He confirmed from the High Priest that there was a rift between the king and that the town had taken sides.

When the full moon was only two days old, a great feast took place in the town, and Alfred was invited by the High Priest to make the customary sacrifices to the great ones. Alfred asked what the sacrifices would be, and was told that two girls and two children, of both sexes, would be sacrificed to the northern day, with similar offerings to the spirit of the night.

With the air of a necromancer, a

king and prophet greater than the king and the priests of the Sokeles, he told the populace, through an interpreter, that the spirits of the waters had spoken to him and had said that no human flesh, of either sex, should be sacrificed. He added that if the laws of the spirit of the waters were disobeyed, the waters would drain from the town, and the tribe would be destroyed.

Feudalism broke loose. The tribe went mad with joy because each member had taken for its own offspring.

But the priests ignored Alfred's invocations, and four children were sacrificed, including a little boy of four.

The people rose in anger. Many offered to join Alfred's contingent, and five from the swampy north. Unexpectedly, the king sided with the priests, so Alfred decided to quit.

By sunset that day five strikers and 360 warriors and their families had deserted to Alfred's camp. This was tantamount to a declaration of war.

At daybreak on the following day the retreat began. The king and priests with their warriors closed in quickly, in half-moon formation.

Alfred placed his own armed nation between the advancing army and the refugees. The white hunter's outlaws had primed their gas-gauge guns, loaded with puffed bits of lead and small stones, ready for action. Alfred's son Martin-Henry, aifle was well groomed and fully charged.

When the advancing hordes were within twenty-five yards, Alfred blew a whistle which was the signal to fire. It was not only devastating, but resulted in immediate panic. Such of the enemy's army of nearly 600 spears as were still alive belted into the valley below.

Alfred had noticed that only a

thin ridge of rock held the waters which surrounded the town. If this ridge were removed, he thought, the water would drain off, leaving a worthless valley.

He learned from his chief guide that the waters discharged into a lake the outlet of which was a river that only had water in the rainy season, and dried up into a succession of pools when the dry weather came.

Using a heavy charge of powder, Alfred succeeded at the third attempt in blasting the rock-ridge, and the waters came rushing head-long towards the distant lake. With the aid of channels previously dug, the waters drained away towards the lake, and the swamps soon ceased to be swamps.

The king of the Sokeles, the priests, and their dusky subjects thought that a miracle had happened, and fear of the spirit of the waters smote them all.

Alfred, his outlaws, and his refugees, began the long trek back to the white hunter's base for operations.

The journey back was eventful only because the refugees were taken in by a small tribe badly in need of reinforcements. So Alfred was free from further responsibility for their safety and welfare.

Ten years later, Alfred passed again through the country which had included the House of the Sokeles, to find the swamps gone and the town, too, Treason was found which made it evident that a battle had been fought, and that the town had been burned to the ground, possibly with the sulphur matches—or the tinder box—which Alfred had given to the High Priest as tokens of goodwill.

Then, Alfred Gheng felt, had the snake-worshipping tribe of child-sacrificers learned better ways.

The Beautiful Spy

COLIN MERRILL



knew no Fear

Jacqueline Armand, spy against the Nazis, browbeat the Nazi commandant, and, by threat, forced him to release three officer prisoners.

ONE STORY NIGHT in 1944, a young girl dropped from the sky over the Plateau de Valcros in south-eastern France, and the nearest gate blew her four miles through the night before she landed. She hit the ground so heavily that the butt of her gun was smashed.

Jacqueline Armand's parachute descent had been planned so that she could make contact with

Colonel Cammerme, who was in charge of three thousand French underground fighters.

She poked herself up, and immediately, with a grenade, she blew up six Germans who were trying to take her prisoner. Then she joined up with Colonel Cammerme and other members of the Maquis.

Still harassed and threatened by the occupying forces, Jacqueline was provided with a machine gun

A farmer was trying to drive a pair of mules into a paddock and every time he got one pointed towards the gate, the other one would turn away. The farmer lost his temper. He was standing, wondering what to do when along came a parson "You are just the man I want to see," said the farmer "Will you please tell me how Noah managed to get two of those contrary critters into the Ark?"

with which, and barefaced, she disposed of accents of German.

After four days of successful defiance of the enemy, the resistance received an order by secret radio to disperse as quickly as possible.

But the Nazis were on their trail. One afternoon a German patrol with dogs came along, and one dog found Jacqueline and the Colonel.

Jacqueline calmly held out her hand. The dog sniffed it, and wagged his tail, whereupon she put her arms round the dog's neck. The Germans whistled and scowled, but the dog stayed with Jacqueline, and made no attempt to betray the hunted pair.

The patrol moved away, and did not return. The dog remained devotedly by Jacqueline's side, and was a faithful companion for many months afterwards, until it was killed by a German.

Jacqueline Armand wasn't this girl's real name. She was more generally known as 'Christine Greenville'; but even that was merely an alias. Her real name was

Krysztyna Starbeck, nee Gryncka. She was born in Poznan, on the borders of Poland and Russia.

When she left school her good looks were so outstanding that she was chosen to be beauty queen of Poland; and shortly afterwards she married Count Starbeck, a journalist by profession. He was killed when the Germans invaded Poland.

The widowed Countess then found her way to England, and volunteered her services to the Allies. She could speak ten languages fluently.

In the autumn of 1942 she was introduced to Major Andrew Kennedy in the special division at the War Office in London known as M.I.6.

Later, the Major and Christine Greenville were parachuted together into Hungary as spies. Their job was to establish contact with the Polish border Christiane posed as a German newspaper correspondent.

One day she left the Major, took some skin, and travelled a hundred miles or so in the snow, after which she changed into peasant costume, and found her way to Warsaw.

For a year and a half, Major Kennedy heard nothing of her. At last he ascertained through M.I.6 in London that she had succeeded in setting up resistance cells all over Hungary (which country, by that time, had entered the war) and that, having accomplished her mission, she had made her escape to Ankara, in Turkey, and then asked the British Secret Service to give her a new assignment.

Little is known of her further wartime escapades until the early spring of 1945, when Colonel Garmont's again took up the bizarre story of this remarkable woman.

He, Captain Sorenson (an American officer) and Ezra Felding (a British Major) had been sentenced to death as Allied spies.

NOEL HICKET



About midnight before the morning of their execution, the three condemned men heard Christine's familiar voice outside the prison walls singing a song called "Francis and Johnny" which they had often harmonized together.

It seemed the craziest thing to do, because the Germans had put a price on Christine's head. She appeared to be asking for death as a boy.

Eventually the song ceased, and all was silent, except for the clapping of the warders' footsteps along the prison corridors.

At 4:30 in the morning the prisoners waited for the door of the condemned cell to open, and to be led to execution. But nothing happened—until 11 a.m.

At that hour the camp commandant entered the cell—accompanied by Christine!

The stock-footed potentate looked fierce and furious. The purport of his visit was to tell them (under duress) that they were free men.

It transpired that what Christine had done was to walk into the camp commandant's office, tell him she was the niece of Field-Marshal Montgomery and a British spy, and demand the immediate release of the three officers who were to be executed.

She warned the Nazi commandant that if the officers, or she, were harmed, every German in that camp, the commandant included, would hang as a war criminal, when the Allies had completed the conquest of the already tottering Reich of Adolf Hitler and all its satellites.

Christine argued with that camp commandant for eleven hours, introducing third degree methods that out-Maked the Nazis themselves. In the end she put such fear into the brainiest commandant that he felt sure that her threats would

be carried out. (The Americans were not to overrun that camp for another two months, but it might have been the next minute, according to Christine.)

Under most hypnotic influences, the Nazi caved in.

That was the quality of the young Christine Starbuck. They don't advertise the work of master for master spies in wartime. But her work was recognized by four decorations. Two were British — the George Medal and the Order of the British Empire. France awarded her the Croix de Guerre, and she received a Polish medal. Christine was executed in the vaguest terms.

When the war in Europe was over, she was in France, disguised as a peasant girl. Then she went to London.

Christine reached London on a Saturday night, and it was pouring with rain. She was practically paralysed. Having found a vagrant's shelter for the night, she spruced herself up as much as possible, and went in search of a job.

She passed from one lamplight position to another like a rolling stone. The manager of a chain of hotels to whom Christine was introduced with a view to employment asked her if she was married.

When she told no, the manager told her that his hotels employed only married women. Christine then asked if the men whom he employed also had to be married, and she got the reply that it didn't matter in the case of well-employed.

"Give me a list of your unmarried men, and I'll soon marry one of them," Christine said, whereupon she was ejected from the manager's office.

But Christine Grayville sought no favour from anyone. Her jobs were many, in department stores

as a saleswoman, and as a ship's stewardess.

Mostly her sea trips were on the "Castle" lines plying between England and South Africa. But she made one voyage to Australia and back, on the "New Australia".

In between her various jobs on land and sea it seems fairly certain that Christine Grayville was continuing to do a certain amount of work for MIA by acting as a liaison officer between the Western nations and underground movements behind the Iron Curtain. Just what she did, and how she did it, no one knows—except MIA.

When Christine was not engaged in stewarding or spying, she stayed at the Shelbourne Hotel, London, where her real identity was unknown even to the hotel manager.

In the meantime Major Andrew Kennedy had re-entered Christine's life, possibly again in connection with MIA work, but also as social occasions.

Christine told Major Kennedy about a steward on the Tannenberg "Castle" named Dennis George Midloweay who had been very good to her when she was working on that ship as a stewardess. Christine asked the Major whether they could take him along with them to the nearest one night, as he was lonely when abroad, and had no friends in London. Major Kennedy said yes, and Midloweay accompanied them to the pictures where he seemed happy, and very grateful for the invitation.

Early in June, 1952, Christine returned to London from South Africa, and the following evening she dined with a man named Popple—a successful interior decorator—and Sonya Masters, a mutual friend.

Shortly before Popple's arrival, Sonya Masters saw a strange man peering through the restaurant window at Christine and herself. Sonya called Christine's attention to the staring eyes, but Christine merely shrugged her shoulders, and passed the matter off with a reference to something quite different. When Popple arrived, the man disappeared. But Christine knew who was eavesdropping on her. It was the ship's steward, Midloweay.

On the night of June 15, at about 10:15, Christine Grayville was stalked to death in the lobby of the Shelbourne Hotel. The assassin was Midloweay, and he made no attempt to get away or to hide his guilt.

He declared that he was deeply in love with Christine, and that profusely had loved him to tell her. He said that he was quite willing to pay with his life.

He did Dennis George Midloweay was hanged in London in September, 1952.

Nobody will ever know the real motives of the killer of Christine Starbuck Midloweay alleged, and maintained, that he thrust a dagger into her chest in a mad fit of jealousy. But other facts obtained by the police made it seem probable that there were political reasons behind the assassination—possibly anti-Nazi had determined upon her liquidation, for she had made many enemies during the war and after.

In her life Kristyna Grayville, who became Christine Starbuck, and later Christine Grayville and Jacqueline Armand did an amazing job without for payment of the highest order.

Winston Churchill personally praised and thanked her for her services in the Allied cause.



No two people have identical fingerprints, but fingerprinting is not infallible, as some critics have proved.

J. K. WESTERSHIELD

ACCORDING to all known facts there are no two people in the world who have identical fingerprints. To be exact, there is one chance in 640,000,000,000 that any two persons could have identical fingerprints, and that's a conservative guess. This means it would take 400 generations to produce two identical fingerprints. At this rate descendants would have to fingerprint everyone in the world for 4,000 years before they'd find two fingerprints that coincide.

Students of fingerprint have do not seem to agree as to the origin of fingerprinting as a means of identification. Some say the Chinese and Egyptians used fingerprints as early as a means of "signing" official documents, but most authorities trace the first use of fingerprints to the Hindus of India. On peeling a coconut, the Hindus would dip their fingers in ink and press them upon the paper. Although this process had been going on for centuries, it was not until Sir William Herschel became curious and investigated, that the police world learned of fingerprinting. Sir William, a tough chief administrator of the colonial police force in Bengal, India, learned that the Hindus regarded their "finger duggery" as a means of identifica-

tion. He quickly saw its merit and lost no time in starting to use the system in his bureau.

While Sir William knew that all fingerprints were different, he was not sure of their classification, and, without classification, he knew it would only be a matter of time before he would have more fingerprints on the file than he could keep track of. In answer to his queries a Scotland Yard official sent him a yellowed book on fingerprinting. It had laid aside been forgotten by the "Yard", and because it was written in Latin, no one regarded it seriously.

Sent to London for translation the book came back not a book at all, but a thesis written by Bohemian servant, Juan Pankratie. He had read the thesis, in the original Latin, in 1892, at the University of Brussels. Pankratie stated that he had found nine standard types of impressions that he believed were a practical means of classification. Delighted with the results of his research, Sir William convinced Sir Edward Richard Henry, Scotland Yard Chief at the time, that fingerprinting should be made a universal police practice.

Sir Edward recalled that Sir Francis Galton had for years been urging the Yard to adopt his system of fingerprint classification. Upon reviewing Sir Francis' work, he found the basis of a system for classifying fingerprints. By making a few modifications Sir Edward reduced all fingerprints to four primary groups we use today: Loops, in which none of the lines make a complete circle, arches, where no backward turn occurs in the ridges traversing the finger; whorls, in which the lines make at least one complete circle; and specialties, which include the features

of all the aforementioned and are still distinctive.

There are subclasses of all of these types, which permit the fingerprint sleuth to read each print as a distinct classification.

Although the fingerprint system was adopted by the police of England and Wales in 1891, it took almost twenty years for it to take firm root in the United States. Chicago and St. Louis were among the first to put the system to work as early as 1894.

In the early thirties the Federal Bureau of Investigation started to round up fingerprints throughout the country in an effort to establish a fingerprint clearing house. By 1934 the FBI had 4,500,000 fingerprints on file, was receiving 4,500 a day, and could locate any print with a mechanical aid within two and a half minutes. Up until the war more than 40 per cent of the fingerprints received by the FBI were those of ex-cons, and more than 450 crooks were being identified each month through the FBI.

Every local police station in the United States files its fingerprints with the FBI in Washington. If a crook, caught in New York, was once arrested in Alabama, the FBI will have Alabama's fingerprints on its file and they will tally with those sent in by the New York Police. Such information can be sent by mail, radio, telegraph, or telephone by merely sending the classification.

In addition to tracing criminals, the FBI keeps the fingerprints of law-abiding citizens and stores it. If you become a member of Uncle Sam's armed forces, you will be filed with the FBI.

J. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief, would like to see everyone in the

THEY CHANGED THEIR FINGERPRINTS

United States fingerprinted for he knows it would make his job a lot easier and the public a lot happier. For example, each year 60,000 persons are undetected.

Despite the fact that fingerprints are never duplicated in a lifetime, there have been a few human crooks who have been able to change their fingerprints or plant another's fingerprints at the scene of a crime. While these cases are few and far between, they do show that the fingerprint system is not infallible. One of the most successful of these fingertip-forgers was **Andresito Gomez**. For years he had roamed Portland as a swindler, counterfeiter, and general all-around crook. He had been arrested dozens of times, but each time he got off with the plea that he was a first offender.

Finally he was arrested in 1935. Upon investigating his record the police discovered that descriptions talked but the fingerprints didn't. They locked the wildly protesting **Andresito** in a cell and watched him without his knowledge.

A few days later he gave his watchers a startling performance in the art of fingertip mayhem. By means of a pin he painstakingly pricked fine holes in his fingertips, and then filled them with melted wax from the candle in his cell. He thus created a brand new set of fingerprints each time he was arrested.

During the Great Gangster Era in U.S.A. there was much talk about certain select members of gangsterdom resorting to plastic surgery to change not only facial characteristics but fingerprints. "**Hardcase Jack**" **Klutas**, a peak-marked Chicago gangster had a new skin grafted on to his fingers in order to avoid detection. Police

also have on record the case of two bank robbers who had so altered their fingerprints that only scrutiny revealed when they were fingerprinted.

Dr. **Leonida Rubino**, addressing the Academy of Medicine in Paris in 1931, declared "Fingerprints are not always trustworthy. Age and physical development have been known to change them." Dr. **Levan** and **Kasler**, noted Chicago criminologists, has said: "Changing the skin of fingerprints is possible." He explains that the skin would have to be taken from another part of the patient's body and grafted on to the fingertips. "Evidence of the operation would be plain, but at times the change in the fingertips would be permanent and permanent prints would become worthless."

A New York surgeon explains that it would not even be necessary to operate on a major scale.

"Nothing is simpler to remove than the plastic latex on the finger," he observed. "The superficial layer of the skin is peeled off under novocaine and the latex printed out. A thin scar would remain, but it would be impossible to tell that it had been caused by a knife. A week or ten days would be required for healing. The pain would be slight. But once removed, latex or any other lines, would never be impressed on the fingertips. They would be virtually smooth."

However effective these tricks have been the police are still two jumps ahead of anyone who thinks he can beat a rap by altering the tips of his digits. In the first place anybody who is caught with a set of smooth fingertips will inevitably arouse suspicion. Furthermore the police will point his whole palm if his fingerprints have

too many suspicious alterations.

Dr. **Jacques W. Molinski** once told New York **Fingerprint** stories that fingerprints can't be destroyed by linear scars or burns less than third degree. "But it is true in respect to a reported case that he might subject himself to a third degree burn. Such a device would be needed by hitting the imprint of the whole palm instead of just the last phalanx of each digit."

Another factor which has made fingertip forgery a thing of the past is the advance made in the art of fingerprint technique. Every court in the world will accept the testimony of a qualified fingerprint expert, and for good reason. Now people are thoroughly fingerprinted. All ten fingers are printed, and each hand is fingered years crooks would switch fingers, leave the fingerprints of an entire hand.

In 1898 Dr. E. M. Haddon of New York developed a method of

taking fingerprints from cloth, paper, gloves, and similar substances.

Since industrial fingerprinting has come into vogue, it has been discovered that there are types of persons whose fingerprints do not reappear. This is due to a phenomenon known as "Industrial Smears," which means that the type of work engaged in by the worker results in a smothering of the lines and skin to such a degree that they do not "print" on contact. A special type ink is being experimented with to take the prints of such persons.

Then, too, there has been recently discovered, by means of the same new system of industrial printing, the amazing fact that people exist whose prints are so fine, and the lines so close together, that they are to all intents and purposes, perfectly smooth.



"This is the place I was telling you about."

PATTERNS OF PULCHITUDE



*This year's new
swim, anything but*



*Dressed for a
holiday on the lawn*



Relaxing in the sun



TEEN-AGE FREEDOM

a threat to marriage

In an atomic world the only marriage veto is one appended to marriage. Today the freedom of the sexes in their teens adds much to the problem.

BROWNING THOMPSON

WHEN a wife stood in the snow wrapped in her ragged shawl, waiting for her drunken husband to lurch out of the pub so that she could reveal him of his starving children, drink was the symbol of sad and sordid male misery of broken homes. The period was something less than a hundred years ago, and during the decade of that time, with her long-length skirts, her vapours and her demand to be treated as a fragile vase, it is no wonder the men went off to the pub.

Popularly there were the "good old days." Conventions were rigid, morality strict, divorce was a rare occurrence and a deep disgrace. Society, for part a little while, made a fetish of respectability and it was only looking some of the people for even less of the time.

The strictly moral era was the period of the child transgression as disgustingly commercialized that even the veiled-down picture of it in "Tommy Boy Goodnight" makes bad reading for the broadminded. This age of morality approved

Byron's daring intrusion, the aphorism and spectacle of the Wilde trial, and the drug addiction of men like Francis Thompson and Coleridge. Respectability was the front, immorality was behind the facade, probably no better or worse than it is today.

So drink was alleged to be the major, if not the sole, cause of broken homes. But today wives drink too, or if they do not, expect their husbands to do so, in or out of the home. Times have changed. Then, wives were prepared for their husbands to be unfaithful, and were prepared to overlook it rather than lose face among their friends. Since then women have learned that they have claws and can use them. Today they are not prepared for their husbands to be unfaithful, but they are prepared to admit it, fight about it, and take the consequences in public.

All this has brought marriage on to a level of frankness which, healthy enough on the one hand, is full of hazards on the other. It is not nearly as easy today as it was

"The material in this article is a symposium of fact and modern opinion; it does not necessarily reflect the views of CAVALLADE."

fifty years ago to make a happy marriage.

Being a good provider and maintaining the conventions, and bringing his education into the company of what used to be called "a fancy woman" just doesn't go any more. Women have gained a lot of freedom, and men have lost certain drastically understood foundations in proportion.

The wife-and-mistress hypocrite isn't as easy as it was. And the wife-and-husband relationship is harder.

The pioneer of the modern attitude for women lived forty years before the turn of the century and never has received the credit for the swiftness of her times.

She was Isabelle, wife of Sir Richard Burton. Explorer Burton, a wild, gipsy-blooded, world-saving giant of a man who had no time for conventions, or even for practical or common law, grew up to look on women as his for the snuffing, or the ruining of his hat, and had women of every nation he visited ready to follow his will slavishly.

Dick Burton took his life in his hands by impersonating a Moslem pilgrim and penetrating the holiest place in Mecca. He outwitted diplomacy by keeping a king late for a State dinner, when Mecca had a king. Worse, he learned Arabic and read the "Arabian Nights" in their unexpurgated form.

Any woman who married him was plain crazy. But not only did Isabelle Arnold marry him—she kept him on a tight lead, and kept him a devoted and faithful husband. She turned him to better effect than Delia turned Scarpion.

Her recipe? She handed it out in a single and particularly shrewd sentence. "A husband should

live in a wife what he expects to find in his mistress."

That wasn't at all the kind of thing for a Victorian woman to say. Her explanations were astounding, defiant, and probably, in the mind of the time, unexcusable.

For Isabelle Burton cheerfully discarded the typical role of a Victorian wife under the supervision of her well-spirited husband. He wasn't prepared to run a prize ten-pair while Dick Burton lived gaily with another woman. If he was going to have fun with a woman, the woman was going to be Isabelle, his wife.

The marriage was a lasting and successful one. Burton went away on expeditions, and couldn't get back to Isabelle quickly enough. One of his biographers said, "He didn't wander; he didn't have to do so."

The entire marriage was a singularly enlightened and successful one, but a little outrageous. The Burtons weren't nearly as worried about the outrage, if any, as they were about their own happiness. They lived transparently.

As that happened eighty years ago, and as everything else in the world has changed since then, it would be expected that the slogan that "a man finds in his wife what he expects in his mistress" would have become a principle for successful marriage long ago.

But the evolution of marriage is lagging to badly that the home, the oldest social unit man knows, may easily be threatened by the uncertainty which men and women feel about it today.

Recent cases express this uncertainty.

Case A is that of a marriage that piled up between the husband and wife agreed not to have children—"the future is so uncertain."

Case B is that of a marriage which began together on freyed threads of bad temper, because a wife wants a child but her husband says they can't afford it. They own their home, their car, and have twice the bank wage as wretched means.

Case C is that of a young married couple both of whom work and live their own lives and who can't have children because they would be "laid down".

Case D is that of a husband who believes that woman's place is in the home, works on the golf course. He (or strictly speaking his wife)

has three children. They are all born girl comes first.

Case E is that of a woman who can only be called house proud, and who never tires of telling her family how she is a slave for them. A willing slave, of course, but a slave. Maybe they are beginning to take her at her own valuation—they regard her and trust her as somebody to be ignored, which is just what she is asking for.

One suspects that in all these cases, neither party has grown up, mentally, or emotionally.

There is something so peculiar



"I guess the housework is over! Jim just left me!"

as to be almost abnormal in the way these people shy away from children. There is something completely pathetic—or psychopathic—about their reluctance (case D) and their self-pity (case E).

None of the wives are "mistresses" to their husbands; none of the husbands "find what they expect" in their wives. And on both sides there is a bitterness of frustration, dissatisfaction.

The adolescent approach to the relationship between man and woman sets the pattern for coming years. Once the pattern is established it dominates life; if it is bad, some would say impossible to change.

The famous American woman writer, Edith Wharton, drew a most interesting comparison between French and American handling of the sex-relationship situation.

"In America there is complete freedom of relationship between boys and girls, but not between men and women; and there is a general notion that, in essentials, a girl and a woman are the same thing. It is true, in essentials, that a boy and a man are very much the same thing, but a girl and a woman—a married woman—are totally different beings. Marriage union with a man, completes and transforms a woman's character, her point of view, her sense of the relative importance of things, her mood thoroughly. A boy's nature is changed by the same experience. A girl is only a sketch—a woman is the finished picture. And it is only the married woman who counts as a social factor.

"In America this woman, in the immense majority of cases, has received through life an absolute freedom of communion with young men until the day when the winding-out of her own experi-

ence by marriage puts her in a position to become a solid individual; and from that day she is cut off from men's society in all but the most formal and uninteresting ways. On her wedding days she dances, in any style, frank and recognized manner, to be an influence in the lives of the men of the community to which she belongs.

"In France the case is just the contrary. France, hitherto, has kept young girls under restrictions of which Americans have often scoffed, and which have certainly, in some respects, been a bar to their growth. The French have always recognized that, as a social factor, a woman doesn't count until she is married, and the married woman always has had extraordinary social freedom."

It is a good while since Edith Wharton wrote that; it is still a true statement; it is worth quoting because the American viewpoint has become the viewpoint of the English-speaking people, and there are pointers everywhere to tell of the disastrous effect of too much freedom among young people on their married future.

The complete freedom with which boys and girls mix from an early age is probably a delightful thing, but among its drawbacks are the over-familiarity of one sex with the other all the time.

There is no special glamour attached to the wedding vow if you see it every day and the women who get as near the gods as they can on surf beaches, who wear short semi-transparent sporty costumes, and who give and take a "heavy petting" session as part of a night's programme, are making themselves into a "view seen every day". They can hardly expect to remain highly desirous

and glamorous.

But there is another point: it is that the extraordinary freedom of both sexes when young, with its round of different "dates" nightly or weekly, makes both men and women "versatile" in their acceptance of new ideas. It is a bad thing to ask a man who has enjoyed equally the company of fifty, seventy, maybe a hundred girls, suddenly to stick to one.

The situation is no different with a young woman who, from early teens, has been chased (and maybe caught) by a number of different boys or men. She, too, has a habit pattern which opposes her to growth of one man's company.

But worse, the enjoyment of complete inter-sexual freedom is accompanied by a romantic dream, for in proportion as romance between the sexes has been cast aside, more and more emphasis has been placed on romance. Women doing household chores are puffed with Prince Charming attitudes wherever they turn. And while their actual living has been

stripped down to dangerous and unadorned reality, the idea of a newer, bigger romance is being "sold" to them every day.

The emphasis is instantly and startlingly on sex—a disturbing, dissatisfied, wandering kind of sex currently not as to what it's all about, just as to whether in some other circumstances it might be more enjoyable.

There seems to be a blue acceptance of the idea that, sooner or later, every man and woman who meet are going to get their relationship down to a physical basis. Well, people don't usually act above their ideas, and a relationship that commences on the presumption that it is going to end physically, probably will.

But there are other social relationships between men and women. Frank, friendly associations, business interests, hobby interests, a general exchange of ideas, social mingling which has not a "romance" as its unmanageable conclusion.

The cynical would-be Don Juan



is entitled to a secret just here; yet he is the first to admit that the lowest form of men is one who makes a play for his friend's wife. In other words, though he expects some type of conquest with the woman in question, he always expects his own wife to be an exception—which means that he expects married, non-sexual social behaviour in her, and in his friends.

If he is not prepared to work on his marriage along sound, grown-up lines, he may be very disappointed some time. Because the psychologists have a lot of evidence for their story that the man-chasers and woman-chasers are discontented; and that attraction and fidelity go together.

The complications which have made modern marriage a more difficult proposition than it was in former years, make it pretty plain that we are past the stage where divorce is a frank admission that two people made a mistake and are big enough to admit it.

Maybe that naive theoretical attitude never was quite as honest as it sounds; very few, if any, divorces have ever been sought or granted in such rare atmosphere. But that kind of thing is much closer to my than all the bitterness and disappointment and active hatred which, at truth were told, would be expressed.

Given the benefit of the doubt in the rare exception, my theory are such divorces; they are rare. And even they, with the vast majority of divorce petitions, are not so much honest, frank admissions, as miserable confessions of failure.

A lot of people who affect the attitude that it is quite smart to be divorced, would nevertheless hate to be talked as failures. Judged on the standard of success

in its particular field, any marriage which does not hold together is a failure.

Second, as in any other field, comes a marriage only as a result of trying. The cards were stacked against Isabelle Arundel when she married Richard Burton; but she made a success because she was prepared to devote some effort to the proposition.

A marriage counsellor in Australia said that a great many marriages in danger of collapse were patched up simply by advising people how to make an effort to save them. The counsellor expressed surprise that so many supposedly adult people, as soon as they were faced with difficulties, "give the game away".

"When do they get the idea," this counsellor asked, "that once a newly married couple face a difficulty or a disagreement, their marriage is, as they say, all washed up?"

A scholar with a divorce problem said that he received a surprising number of inquiries from people who had complaints about their marriage all right—but the complaints did not constitute any protests for divorce at all. Some of the clients weren't happy to learn that they couldn't sue for divorce on the grounds that they were insulted and rarely treated in their marriages! It is, indeed, as it shows how flimsy must be the marriages which people want to abandon on such slight protests.

"The trouble with the hole is," said the lawyer, "that they don't realize that differences of opinion, displays of bad temper, the occasional drunkenness of a husband, and the trivial forgetfulness and awkwardness of everyday life, are a normal part of living, and necessary for understanding and adjustment

They don't take their marriage partnership seriously enough." He added, "The basis of a good deal of complaint is nothing more nor less than plain neglect."

It does not come as any surprise to students of the subject that neglect is a major cause of discontent. Yet that is nothing more or less than the truth. Added to the facts already established, that men have been used to a variety of women in their single days, and women have been used to the attention of many men, the comfort of the post-marriage days is a particularly strong contrast, especially to the women.

They have had plenty of boy-friends; they have been taken out and given gifts, called up on the telephone, chased, wanted. After

they are married they are turned over to domestic duties, left alone at home all day, and are supposed not to dilly with other men because that is being unfaithful, at least in principle.

Left alone, they naturally miss the courting attention, the little gifts, signs of love and attention, which they have been educated to expect. They would be less than human if they didn't take one of two attitudes—either to go out seeking further attention, or to become, extremely discontented. The only course that can save that situation developing as for a husband to remember to pay his wife the attention she has become accustomed to.

It does not mean that he is buying her freedom with a price, but



"Reluctance — FH take it!"

simply that he continues to reassure her, after marriage, that he loves her as much as he did before.

Women, during courtship, feel that they hold the whip hand, by virtue of the fact that the man wants them, is chasing them, and will go to great lengths to attain his objective. All the time she remains unmarried, the woman has the power to lure him along, and is thus assured of attention.

After she is married, however, the man has completed the chase and made the capture. Many more aware of it than the woman, who is the person captured. And she becomes subconsciously aware that, now she is caught, the man has less reason to pursue her than he had before. Consequently her feeling of neglect is not a selfish whim or a feeling that she is entitled to levy tax on her husband; it goes deeper than that, it is a feeling of insecurity. It is a feeling that, having surrendered to him, she now has no way in which to hold him. The thought may not even be a conscious one. Many a woman who is feeling uneasy, frightened of losing her man, would boldly deny the truth she knows that the "romance has gone out of marriage", but she is not aware of the reasons why.

This is the precise point at which modern marriage, particularly, is tested. Feeling insecure, the woman instinctively remembers that she carried her man by luring him on, by being hard to get. Too often she uses a repeat performance, and almost always it fails. It has to fail, because she cannot duplicate the basic position of courtship days—that he wanted something he hadn't got. A lot of feminine sulks, headaches, and other forms of indisposition are the substitute they use for the married

way of being hard to get. They are supposed to awaken in a husband feelings of deep sympathy. They are supposed to "lead him on" again. But the husband, having secured his wife, doesn't expect to be led on again. He begins to wonder why a woman who before marriage was eager to see him, always happy when with him, and completely healthy, should, in a short time, become indifferent to him, be miserably moody at the time, and for no apparent reason begin to show signs of minor ailments she never had before.

She cannot be expected to realize the simple answer—she is looking to recapture his lost attention.

When a normal family life develops, the dependence of the children gives the woman something of the feeling of importance she craves and because of them some of the feeling of security comes back. The man can hardly afford to lose her, because somebody has to look after the children, and they become new signs of her security. Necessarily again, she is happy again. She also feels now that, because of what it would cost him in money or maintenance, the man cannot financially afford to run away.

But that security is only part of the story; it is only a substitute for what she really wants—the conviction that her husband could not do without her because she is herself.

There are many sad thoughtless hours of advice doled out to husbands about this. It is hinted that a man can get things right for the price of a bunch of flowers on Friday night. Well, a bunch of flowers helps, any night, but women aren't so easily gulled.

The fact is that while a woman expects a man to need her after

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marriage, to pursue her love he did before, she will not be satisfied with a pursuit which consists of flowers on Friday night and a peck on the cheek when he goes out in the morning. She wants her attention to sublimate in a mutual expression of affection, as they should, and she wants him to make love to her, just as much as she wants the satisfaction of a woman's embrace. It is possible that the highest measure of physical love have been undervalued, or even lost sight of, or were never realized, by many of the people whose marriages fall apart. The perennials of marriages and the things that spoil them show clearly that a marriage cannot last if it is founded on physical attraction alone. But they show equally that a marriage cannot last if physical attraction is not present to a degree which is mutually satisfying to both parties.

Edith Wharton pointed out ("French Ways and Their Meaning") that the Frenchwomen who are kept in cloistered seclusion as a girl, mature rapidly in womanhood. But she pointed out that this mature woman, now a wife, enjoys freedom, complete and unhampered, among men; that she also enters fully into her husband's interests.

The English husband is agreed, by a kind of open secret understanding, that he mustn't bore his wife with the office. That is most British husbands that once in a while the highly successful man pays a tribute to his wife—and how she helped, not only in the home duties, but in his business. Once in a while this husband may be consulted by his wife, he let her criticize his plans and she was a big help. The French wife would

regard this as the perfectly normal thing for a wife to do. For she is brought up to realize that she must be a satisfactory lover, and she must be an intelligent help in her husband's career or business as well. She does not expect to be pampered and kept in idleness. She expects to share her husband's problems, even take charge of his bookkeeping, or advise in his business. And her stability as a wife is increased by the fact that she is important to her husband's success. She, on this basis, has less reason to feel neglected. She has a new way of holding her husband's interest. She is given the opportunity of being "in the know" as far as his life is concerned. And outside of the physical love life they share she has other things on him—they have mutual interests, reasons for staying together.

Mutual interests doesn't mean each one creating himself while the other one creates herself. It means the mutual delight in common interests—the pleasure of doing things together.

It adds up to one situation, one problem, one answer. The situation, that it is harder today to make marriage a success, the problem, how to do so in modern-day conditions, the answer, that marriage, like any other job, has to be worked on, and by both parties. It is not a romantic dream, it is not a sexual partnership; it is not a housekeeping business; it is not exchanging money earned for home comforts, a hard way of getting bored and lading. It is a partnership, physical, mental, spiritual, business.

But the wife who follows Isabelle Armand's doctrine, and the husband who appreciates it, can—and do—avoid starvation in the divorce restaurants.

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HORMONES— make or mar men

A summary of human glands and
the good or ill that comes from
having too much or too little
activity from each.

By DR. GLEN WILLARD

ON a Friday night Bernis shot a 74-year-old farmer. On Saturday afternoon he killed a man in Lincoln Park. On Monday his bullets killed a park policeman. Later that day he shot down his pal. When arrested after the four-day murder spree Bernis was calm.

"That old man squealed on me — I hate squealers," he remarked about his first victim.

"Why did you kill the man in the park?"

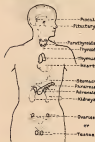
"I tell him it's a mistake. He gets wise and starts squealing, so I shoot him. Watcha expect me to do?"

About the park policeman, he said, "He tries to get me — no copper does that to ol' Bernis. I aim for his forehead. I shoot him. That's his tough luck."

When the death sentence was read to him, Bernis smiled at the judge. "To hell with you, I can take it."

Bernis was an "endocrine criminal." He was a victim of his mal-functioning hormone glands. Had he been examined and treated at an early stage, he might, barring other complications, have been a useful member of society today.

The idea of planning the murder rap on a bodily deficiency dates back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The first attempt was the pseudoscientific method of



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"bumps" on the head with the individual's personality. But physiology did not survive the scrutiny of modern endocrinology. A purely scientific approach was needed and endocrinology seemed to fill the bill. The trouble was deeper than bumps on the head—it went down to the secret places of the body, deep inside.

Popularly, endocrinology is usually associated with transplantation of "monkey glands" to restore vitality, with insulin injection for diabetes, with estrogen cream for beautifying the face.

Earlier this year British Professor Harold D. Harber of the University of Nottingham declared that a number of men working in laboratories manufacturing female sex hormones are developing secondary feminine characteristics.

Said Professor Harber: "In handling these products members of young men in full manhood have developed a feminine kind of fat and at the same time they completely lose interest in women."

He warned that hormones can alter completely the appearance and behaviour of humans, and cautioned against the use of hormones in beauty preparations.

There is as yet no scientific support of Professor Harber's claims. But recent studies do show that hormones can play a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde game. One thing is certain and cannot be stressed too strongly:

You as a woman are gambling with your life if you take hormone injections except under the strict supervision of a competent doctor.

Endocrinology, the science of hormones, shows that without the hormones discharged into our bloodstream life would not be possible. Mixed with the blood in a perfectly balanced proportion, hormones are vital to normal functioning, but if that delicate balance is upset by only 1/100th grain (1/780,000th of a pound) these life-giving chemicals turn into killers. Either an excess or a deficiency of these mysterious chemicals can transform a normal person into a homicidal machine. Bodily chemistry is controlled by eight glands: pituitary, pineal, parathyroids, thyroid, thymus, pancreas, suprarenals and sex glands. The glands are interconnected in two ways, by the blood stream and by the sympathetic nervous system.

Although each gland is a separate organ, the double interconnection makes the problem of hormones very baffling. A slight overproduction of one hormone or a minute deficiency of another throws other glands off balance. On top of that delicate interrelation, there is the sympathetic that can stimulate or retard a gland as a result of an outside situation.

Suppose as you relax in your favorite chair the wind slams the screen door or a car backfires in

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the throat. The sound is mistakenly interpreted by fear unconscious mind as Danger. The sympathetic stimulates your respiratory muscles which discharge adrenaline into your bloodstream. The adrenaline boosts the heart action. This gives the sensation of tightness in your throat. The adrenal hormone also makes the pulmonary gland discharge an extra amount of protein that causes your blood pressure and contracts the involuntary muscles. Stimulated by the pulmonary hormone, the thyroid will discharge thyroxine which will speed up the oxidation or fuel burning process of your body. Thus your body gets ready for action. A similar chain reaction follows a visual sex stimulus. The sex glands will respond by stimulating the entire endocrinal system in anticipation of a sexual act.

When the emergency is over and the sex stimulus is removed, the hormone production tapers off to normal, without any harmful effects. It is when the over-secretion of a hormone persists that the balance is upset and the fireworks start. Just what causes the upset in the hormone works we don't really know, but we do know that things happen that when one of our glands goes on the blink. The result can be dangerous. One hundredth grain of thyroxine is the amount necessary for normal functioning, but if the output of the thyroid gland increases and if that increase persists, you get jumpy, cannot relax and you develop insomnia. A little later you become moody, worried and nervous. You feel as though something compelled you to go on without rest. You begin to lose weight and you may have a feeling of urgency. You find it difficult to adjust to situations.

If this condition is not spotted and treated, the hyperthyroid individual will simply waste away and die. Very often, as in the case of Mary W., the high tension may drive the victim into crime.

Mary W. had a normal childhood, was graduated from high school and got a job as a clerk. Slowly she became irritable and complained to friends of being afraid without reason. She lost her job, she became immoral, and was arrested for prostitution, served time and was paroled. She married a man ten years her senior, retaining the guilt at the same time to "live her own life." She got into further trouble and was arrested again.

Paroled again, she moved from town to town, sometimes holding jobs, but mostly subsisting by prostitution. Finally she found a job as a waitress at a waterfront dive where she met a young dope peddler. They were planning to skip the country together when they were arrested and she was brought to a mental hospital for psychiatric observation. Medical examination disclosed overactivity of the thyroid gland. She didn't need jail — she needed hospital.

If the thyroid gland does not shrink and disappear as the individual matures, serious trouble may result. The presence of that gland after maturity means that the development of the sex glands has been arrested and that the victim is predisposed to abnormal affects.

"A study of twenty murderers showed that seventeen of them had an enlarged thyroid," said Dr. L. Berg, a famous criminologist. "The thyroid sufferers swell the ranks of the drug addicts and the killers among gangsters."

To illustrate, Dr. Berg quoted a

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own history "Eddie Baker as a child was a bad writer and a liar. He frequently stole from his mother's purse. At sixteen he was sent to a reformatory for burglary with a gun. The guards called him Angel Face until he attacked one and beat him almost to death. Released at eighteen, Eddie became a drug addict and a member of a notorious gang. He shot down a crowd in broad daylight and was captured after a running gun battle. At the trial he showed no emotion when sentenced to death. Strapped down to the electric chair, he monotonously urged the warden to get it over with. An autopsy revealed a large thyroid gland."

The thyroid makes a smooth-skinned, well-developed, beardless female has thin skin, is narrow-hipped and fat-breasted. Their physical inferiority prompts them to drug addiction and other crime.

Adrenalin, the hormone of the suprarenal glands, when in prolonged surplus, causes attacks of hypertension, makes a man aggressive and suspicious with a "chip on his shoulder" attitude. The adrenal types are apt to commit crimes of violence and are among those arrested for assault.

The macho sex, the second hormone produced by the suprarenals, results in overgrowing the masculine traits in both sexes. Men develop unusual muscular strength and become extremely virile. In

conjunction with adrenal over-activity these individuals commit attacks on women.

If the over-secretion of cortic occurs in a female, she grows a beard, her voice deepens, her mental attitude becomes masculine. In all cases of suprarenal over-activity the period of over-stimulation is followed by a total breakdown, weakness, convulsions and death.

A slight over-secretion of the primary hormone makes a tall, physically well-developed man with a strong jaw, large teeth and heavy arms and legs. These men are highly intelligent and possess an ability to get things done. How narrow is the borderline between the normal and abnormal is seen in the dramatic change of both the physical appearance and personality when the pituitary limit is exceeded.

This limit varies with each individual, and when exceeded the hair disappears, the man looks decrepit and becomes moody, and unhappy in his love life.

Females suffering from over-secretion of pituitary have a smooth skin, high pitched voices and are extremely feminine. They seek thrills, move from place to place driven by "impetuous" desires, and often are drawn into crime.

Sex glands come into play with the disappearance of the thyroids at puberty. If the major portion

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and, famous chief surgeon of the Hôpital Cochin in Paris, France, originated the "monkey gland" transplantation. Primarily interested in restoring virility, Voronoff paved the way to further development.

Voronoff's treatment, although successful, was not generally accepted and it was not until last year that Dr. Greene, a prominent pathologist of Yale University, developed a better method.

Transplantations of sex, thyroid and adrenal glands have been made successfully, and the patients have reported normal functioning a year after operations.

The story is more complicated when a gland is over-stimulated. Sometimes part of the gland working overtime is removed by surgery. Often an injection of another hormone "counteracts" the malfunctioning gland into proper functioning. The science of endocrinology is progressing constantly and almost every day brings a new development, but the treatment of malfunctioning must be started early to be successful.

The hottest problem of endocrinology today is the endocrine criminal who is too far gone for successful treatment. Many prominent criminologists advocate drastic measures, such as castration. However, scientists and religious

leaders argue that even the worst criminals can be made productive within prison walls and therefore should be spared. As a possible solution sterilization has been accepted, and sterilization laws have been passed by thirty of the United States. Advocates assume that sterilizer malfunctioning is hereditary, and by preventing known criminal criminals from procreating they believe future generations will have fewer criminals.

The first sterilization law passed in Indiana, U.S.A. in 1907 states that "persons suffering from mental disease, habitual criminals" and other people ought to be sterilized. The law is still in force and simple operations are still being performed.

In strong opposition to sterilization, Dr. Abraham Myerson of Boston, Mass., argues that if sterilization had been in force at the beginning of the nineteenth century many great American scientists and several Presidents would never have been born.

The ultimate solution of the problem lies in the prevention of criminal crime through early castration rather than in dealing with the convicted criminals. On an average day last year a rape, a murder or a manslaughter was committed in the United States every 46 minutes, and the

FBI report shows a record of two million major crimes. Statistics also show that 68 per cent of prison inmates are feebleminded, and need medical treatment rather than punishment. This means that with proper endocrinological facilities, one million, two hundred thousand major crimes could have been prevented last year, in the States, and a similar reduction in the crime bill could have been effected in every country in the world.

The other aspect of preventive criminology is that of the psychological criminal, whose misdeeds spring from a warped mind. It is a subject which probably doesn't belong properly to the story of hormones, and yet it may do so, since the horrible blagues of the body misdirect the mind.

Are there psychological drives and impulses which are not hormones in origin? Frankly, we do not know for sure. The great psychologist can trace the results of an experience on the mind—but how to admit that the same experience produces different results in different minds.

A disappointment in love drives one man to suicide and yet apparently does not affect another man at all. Why? Is it because of the glandular functions of the two men and the way in which they vary? There are many answers to the question, and they all come from experts. That is the trouble—some of the answers may be right, some wrong.

But when we have one answer, and it is the right one, then we will be still nearer to controlling criminal impulses at their inception, and preventing some of the most horrible crimes in our civilization.

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YOUTH is a wonderful thing. But, as Bernard Shaw said, "What a pity to waste it on children."

Maybe there are some housewives who feel the same way at times. Because just about the time a woman becomes pregnant enough to iron a man's shirt in half the time it took when she was a new bride, along comes a son and doubles the number of shirts she has to iron.

Some kids are really tough. In one place a voice shouted out at us as we walked along the footpath. "Hey, pal! Where'd ya think you goin'?" Of course, we stopped and demanded who said that. The answer came immediately: "What's it to ya?" Naturally, we were a little rattled, so we called out, "If you're so tough, come down and fight!" There was a raucous laugh. "No fight!" came the answer. "I can't even walk yet!"

A noticeable thing about them is that they will spend hours in a swimming pool, yet you have to argue with them to spend ten minutes in the bath.

One kid walked into a shop for super-superiority of hamburgers on wheels that he got only a few, he asked the shopkeeper for a chocolate instead. Then he walked out of the shop with the chocolate and the soapbox. "Hey," roared the

shopkeeper, "you haven't paid for the chocolate."

"But," said the kid, "I gave you the hamburgers for it."

"But you didn't pay for the hamburgers," roared the shopkeeper.

"Well," said the kid, "I didn't have them."

Of course, boys aren't the only offenders. Girls have a habit of embarrassing their parents in company. One girl said to her mother, while she was entertaining guests: "Mummy, is it true that we are made of dust?" And her mother said, "Yes, dear."

"Well, is it true that we go back to dust when we die?" asked the girl.

"Yes, dear."

"Well, Mummy, I just looked under the carpet and someone there is either coming or going."

Finally, there was one kid who had a teacher who used to put on their polishes for them before they left school on wet days. One day this kid told his teacher, after she had polished the polishes on to his feet. "You know, teacher, these aren't mine." So the teacher grabbed hold of the polishes and tapped them off his shoes. Then she asked, "Whose are these polishes?"

"They are my brother's," answered the kid, "but my mother makes me wear them."



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